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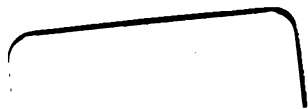
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SPENCER FARM.

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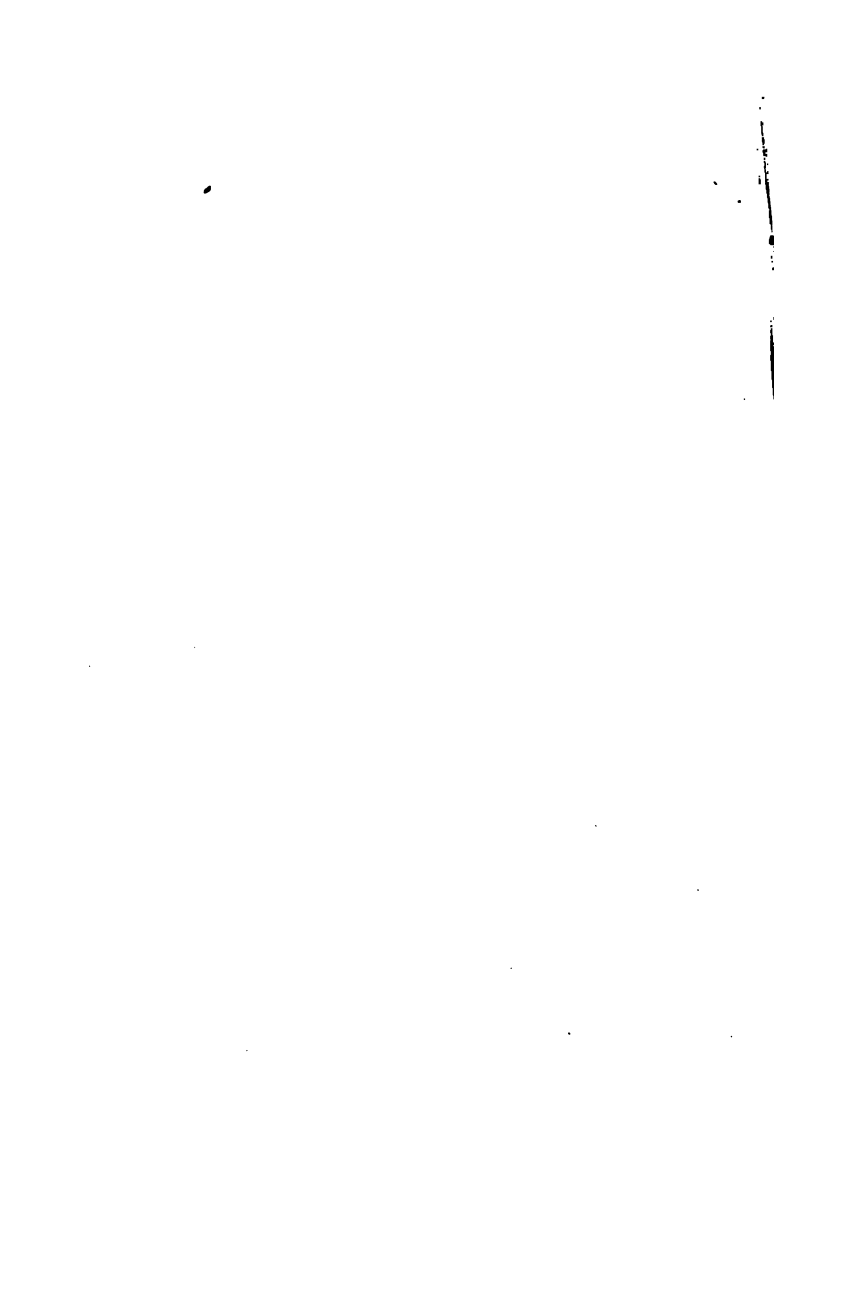
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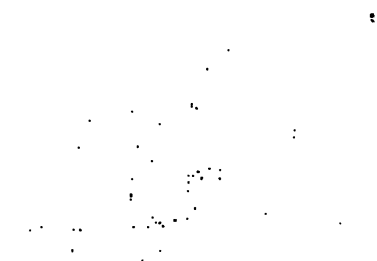
SPENCER FARM.







SPENCER FARM,
GREAT YELDHAM ESSEX.





SPENCER FARM

With some Account

OF

ITS OWNERS.



Book plate designed by 'G. L. May', Esq.

SUDBURY.

GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER,

1845.



SPENCER FARM,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT

OF

ITS OWNERS.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

SUDBURY :

GEORGE WILLIAMS FULCHER.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

MDCCCXLV.

FULCHER, PRINTER, SUDBURY.

192.

TO THE READER.

The subject of the following Pages having engaged the interest of Mr. Wordsworth, he was asked to contribute some prefatory remarks. His reply is, with his kind permission, here inserted, in the hope that it will prove an acceptable introduction to the Reader, at the same time that it affords to the individual on whom the pleasing office has devolved of arranging the present Volume, the opportunity of stating how greatly he values the approbation and remarks contained in the letter, and of expressing his sincere regret for the causes which have prevented a more full compliance with his wishes.

22nd April, 1845, Rydal Mount.

My dear Friend,

The little book you have sent to me consisting of the Memoirs of Mr. G. L. Way and his Son the Rev. Lewis Way, I have read with great interest. Their lives harmonize beautifully as both being strictly governed by principles of duty, while they contrast most strikingly as to the manner in which those principles put themselves into action.

Mr. Ellis fell into a mistake, when speaking of Mr. G. L. Way, he says, that "happiness is the only rational object of pursuit"; but he is right, when in the same sentence he affirms that the means of happiness (he ought to have said the *only* means) are to be found in the practice of religion. Mr. Way's own words* are, "I endeavour upon principle to have no business but my duty," and he adds, my amusements are excited by duty, and the rule of duty he gathers from his Bible, with the assistance of wise and good men.

The whole of the little Volume, (with the exception that for ordinary perusal too much space is given to Mr. G. L. Way's literary pursuits,) I found so interesting as earnestly to desire to see it

* See Pages 15 and 16.

printed in some shape that would give it a wide circulation : and this would perhaps be most effectually done, if it could be included in some collection of brief biographies confined exclusively to the lives of men of remarkable virtues and talents, though not universally or generally known. The number of these, if sought for, would be found considerable, and I cannot but think they would tend more to excite imitation than accounts of men so pre-eminent in genius and so favoured by opportunity, as rather to discourage than inspire emulation.

One word more:—every intelligent Reader must be struck by the sound judgment with which Mr. Way manages his nervous depressions and apprehensions, and how he makes them subservient to the improvement of his own character. Would that others, who have like infirmities to contend with, might be induced to follow his example, and prove equally successful!

Pray do not impute it to any want of desire to meet your wishes, if I feel myself obliged to declare that I cannot presume to write anything that would deserve the name of a preface upon this occasion. If I were to put down in writing but a small portion of the thoughts raised in my mind by the perusal of these well-paired memoirs, you would have to read a volume larger than that which you

sent, and which I now return to you with sincere thanks. My mind has been lately, and continues to be so much disturbed by sickness among near kindred, and other causes, that I am quite unable to give my thoughts upon this or any other subject a definite shape ; and more by way of excuse for not complying with your request need not be said.

WM. WORDSWORTH.



SPENCER FARM.

HAPPILY for the interests of religion and virtue, such is the state of society in this highly favoured country, that if rank and wealth and worldly circumstances may be said mainly to give position, it is character that gives influence. This it is which confers both weight and value on the middle class ; a class that may well be said to constitute the strength of our nation. To this important order belongs the country gentleman ; one, who from a

combination of favouring circumstances, possesses and exercises, in a peculiar degree, a most useful, and oftentimes, a most holy influence on very large masses of society. He is blessed above the common measure with opportunities of benefiting his fellow-men, and scrupulously should he guard and improve the sacred trust. Whilst in the ranks above him, many find in their large possessions, inducements to idleness and dissipation, and hold but little intercourse with their dependents, except through the medium of a steward, those beneath him are liable to the snares that beset men in the pursuit of gain, or to the temptations arising from poverty ; whereas the country gentleman, possessing competence and leisure, and not being necessarily exposed to the allurements of the fashionable world, has advantages and exemptions, which, while they increase his responsibility, bestow on him the power of becoming an important instrument of good. Educated at the same schools and universities with

the first nobles of the land, bound to them, sometimes by the ties of blood, and more frequently by those of friendship and early intimacy, and sharing with them in those attainments which confer intellectual power, as well as contribute to the refinement of mind and manners, he enjoys easy access to the aristocracy; while his nearness to the yeomanry and peasantry, derived from constant intercourse and a partial similarity of habits and pursuits, gives him a direct and sensible influence over those among whom he more immediately lives. Occupying thus a central position, distinct from the classes above and below him, yet approximating to both; he is, as it were, the key-stone of the whole, binding together in beneficial and harmonious union, extremes of society that would otherwise be too widely severed.

There is another and most important feature in the construction of the social system of England, productive of the greatest national bene-

fits, to which the foregoing remarks extend and apply, and which is not met with among the Continental States—the station occupied by the Clergy of our Established Church. In rank and education, they also take their place among the Nobility and Gentry of the land. Every division of the Kingdom, every Village however remote from the centre of civilization, has in its Pastor, a scholar and a gentleman holding the high and holy office of Messenger of the Gospel: and, indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the resident owner of the principal Mansion and Estate in a parish, is himself in Holy Orders, and an officiating Clergyman of our Church.

This state of things necessarily invests with a great degree of interest the residences of the English Gentry, scattered over the country as so many strong holds of moral and social influence.—Among these, is one in the parish of Great Yeldham, Essex, possessing some very interesting features,

and sanctified to many by very endearing Associations.

Spencer Farm was built by Lady Bateman, and derives its name from her family. She is said to have been supplied with funds for the purpose by her illustrious Grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough. Little more is known of her on the spot than the facts recorded on a Monumental Tablet, in the Chancel of Great Yeldham Church :

HERE

Interred are the remains
of the Dowager Lady Viscountess

B A T E M A N ,

who was Daughter to Charles
Earl of Sunderland,

and Grand-daughter to JOHN

D U K E of M A R L B O R O U G H .

She died Feb. the 19th,

In the Year One Thousand,

Seven Hundred and Sixty-Nine,

Aged Sixty-six.

In a Mural Tablet however, immediately adjoining the above-mentioned Memorial of her death, is a

record, connected with Lady Bateman, which reflects back upon her own personal character ; for in such cases, the attachment of one friend implies an equal warmth and sincerity in the other.

SACRED

To the Memory of
ELIZABETH TRIPP, Spinster,
who died the 13th of June, 1785, Aged 74 Years.

Her body was deposited, at her own request,
as near as possible to the remains of the
Right Hon. Viscountess Bateman,
with whom she lived in an
uninterrupted course of
Friendship upwards
of forty years.

After the death of Lady Bateman, Spencer Farm became the property of a Lady of the name of Chambers. In 1783, it was purchased by Gregory Lewis Way, Esq., well known to the lovers of elegant literature as the Translator into English Verse of "M. Le Grand's Fabliaux, or Tales of the

12th and 13th Centuries.”* Though his life was uneventful, the character of Mr. Way was so original and interesting, that it may not be here too lightly dismissed. Early in life, unambitious of the distinctions to which his talents and education might



have entitled him to aspire, he followed the bent of his inclination, which led him to retirement ; and in the calm retreat of Spencer Farm gave his hours of studious leisure not alone “to minstrel meditation,”

* A Library selected by Mr. G. L. Way, rich in Old Romance, and early editions of the English Poets, &c., is among the interesting possessions of Spencer Farm.

but to subjects involving man's future and higher destiny. To use the words of his friend, Mr. George Ellis, the accomplished compiler of "Specimens of the early English Poets."—"He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidences on which it rests, the hopes it holds out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry: and from this choice of occupations and amusements, a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more activity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce." After lamenting, that Mr. Way had neglected to become his own

biographer, Mr. Ellis proceeds. "It may be presumed, that the history of a practical moralist, who was forced to construct his scheme of happiness with common materials, and to fight the tediousness of life with weapons which are within every man's reach, would prove neither useless nor unentertaining. Such a moralist was Mr. Way. He was not, like the imaginary Rasselas, a prince, or a traveller ; but he found, in the affection of his wife, in the duty of his children, and the hopes afforded by religion, a compensation for all the disappointments and miseries to which life is subject." These extracts are from the brief Memoir contained in the Appendix to the 2nd Vol. of the *Fabliaux*, which, not having been published till after the death of Mr. Way, was edited by Mr. George Ellis. The portraiture so gracefully given is abridged with reluctance, more especially as the subject of it was no common character, and the kindred taste of his friend and biographer enabled him to do it justice.

The reader, whom it may interest, is referred to the more copious extract in the Appendix (Appendix A.)



But, as the hand of the artist, however masterly, can never paint like Nature, nor give to the portrait all the expression of the original, a letter from Mr. Way to a friend is here inserted, under the idea that it will tend to convey a more correct and vivid impression, than could otherwise be formed, of his gifted mind, and of those ruling dictates of conscience, by which it was directed. His correspondent had expressed an opinion that he had too great a regard to his own convenience and

inclination, and thought too lightly of social and patriotic duties ; and, in common with other friends, had urged him to the pursuit of fame and fortune in the study of the Law. The reply contains a singularly interesting detail of the motives that led him to a contrary course, and to that choice of retirement, in which, as he has himself elsewhere expressed it, he was

“Blest with the sweets of no unlearned ease.”

“To Charles M——, Esq.

“*Spencer Farm, 30th June, 1788.*

“Dear Charles,

“After first hoping that you received my letter, congratulating you on Mrs. M. and infant’s safety, which I wish soon to receive your confirmation of, I shall forthwith proceed to send you a fair edition of answer to your former letter of May 25th.

“First then, you will credit me when I tell you that your account of your own comfortable enjoy-

ment gave me real satisfaction, and more so that you find marriage adds to it. We have in our time given each other a great deal of advice, and I am willing to think that we are both the better for it. Your present portrait of yourself is drawn at full length, and your admonitions to me are cogent, temperate, and friendly. I will attempt to send you my picture in return.

“The more I reflect, and the more I have seen and heard of the world, the more powerfully does the conviction come upon me, that I should have been certainly less innocent, and not only on that account less happy, but less happy even upon supposition I were satisfied that this present life were the only one, as an *Actor* in it, which you are ; than as a *Spectator*, which I am myself. Had I been an Actor, I dare not think that I should have done more good, positively speaking ; I doubt not but I should have done much more evil to counterpoise it. Dr. Johnson, in his *Rasselas*, ch. 46, says, “Some have

little power to do good, and have likewise little strength to resist evil." The truth of this remark comes home to me almost every day of my life. Ever and anon, imbecility of mind, perplexity, indecision, terror, cover me like a mildew ;

" Wither all my strength
" And leave me of my native vigour drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n."
(See Paradise Lost)

Such a cloud diffuses itself over my faculties, that I cannot with confidence or certainty count the silver for a guinea, or cast up a sum in addition. When promoting any business of my own with other men, instead of that simple manly integrity which my reason and principles dictate, I am perpetually in danger of falling into artifice ; so that as somebody I think pleasantly says of David Garrick, "I can hardly ask for a dish of tea without a stratagem." This I attribute to constitutional infirmity of nerves. In leisure, and retirement, and tranquillity, I at times feel myself to possess the use of my own powers,

and can think and judge clearly enough. But enough of this : for, as Lady Constance says in Shakspeare's King John—"He talks to me who never had a child." If you have never felt these vacillations, you are hardly able to credit or conceive them. For me, from the first hour I was capable of thinking, fancy and conscience have been intimately interwoven with each other, and have acted upon my mind with combined and interchangeable influence. I think I have at length so far purified my judgement, that I can now tolerably well distinguish the boundaries of one and the other, though debility of Nerves often prevents or obstructs me for a season from conforming my sensations to such distinction. I have discovered that there is no Truth, however evident, which may not by reasoning and drawing deductions, be pushed up into absurdity ; and that therefore it is necessary frequently to obtund acuteness, and resolutely endeavour to rest satisfied with those undefined general impressions of right and wrong which common

sense offers me, lest I should produce more evil than I remedy, and by harassing myself in the discussion of subtleties, which being such are therefore presumably trivial, produce such irritation of Nerves as will disable me from maintaining good temper, and many other obvious and acknowledged duties of life. This progress of mine has not been made without much meditation from very early years ; and, latterly, a vigilant comparison of the conduct, opinions, and characters, of living men, with what books had told, and still tell me, of human nature. Presuming myself to have reached that time of life (my 32nd. year) when the understanding may be considered as at its best, at least I dare not hope I shall ever think more clearly, or judge more wisely, than I can at present ; I rest the remainder of my days upon the following system.

“I endeavour upon principle to have no business but my duty. What my duty is, I gather from my Bible, with the assistance of such pious Philoso-

phers as Locke, Bishop Butler, Dr. Johnson. Every thing else I enjoin myself to look upon as amusement, (or to use a word which, taken seriously, will convey the exact idea, Pass-time ;) but as amusement which I am bound to follow, and moreover to be amused with, because it obliquely promotes or facilitates duty. Thus, if I dig, shoot, fish, &c., the great and ultimate end I propose to myself, is, the preserving evenness of temper, clearness of understanding, tranquillity of nerves ; to which bodily exercises, &c. are conducive : the enabling myself to set an example of cheerful contentedness, as the attendant on piety and good morals, to those around me. I accustom myself to view wilful listlessness as criminal unthankfulness to God for his manifold blessings to me ; and this awful consideration, by setting conscience in opposition to fancy and scrupulosity, helps me mainly to repel them. My amusements are thus excited by duty, which seems to me, whether in publick or private life, the only fit and

adequate motive of any action, and they all tend towards enabling me, in the language of Scripture, to "keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right ;" with this object of trust and expectation, that "these shall bring a man peace at the last." This "peace at the last," my friend, I trust we are both striving at, but with difference in our methods of pursuit. Of the propriety of these methods, each of us must perhaps be at last his own best judge. It should seem that there is no propriety, absolutely taken, but that both are proper as referred to the agents. Each of us will probably do much good, and avoid much evil, which will not be done and avoided by the other. And I cannot but think that God's wisdom, which out of evil bringeth forth good, hath ordained even our appetites and passions to be frequently such a check and obstruction one to the other, as to co-operate with reason and religion towards the salvation of our souls. This sentiment struck me several years ago, upon a review of my

own character and desires ; and I then threw it into verse, which, though bad enough critically speaking, I now send you, because it pretty clearly expresses my idea.

“ Long did my friends lament, and loudly blame,
My shamefac'd bashfulness and love of rest ;
And oft the muse, with mournful dreams oppress'd,
Beheld Law toiling up the steeps of fame :
And long myself, with such kind cares distress'd,
Strove stubborn nature to that lore to tame,
For sure I deem'd my welfare all their aim,
And reverend age was theirs, with wisdom bless'd.
Now well I read how Heaven, in all things kind,
E'en from our faults some secret good doth win ;
Shame from the harlot's bow'r preserved my mind ;
And timorous sloth, that shunn'd the worldling's din,
Hath taught to curb vain pride and passion blind ;
Nor wish for wealth, the prosperous source of sin.”

“ After having said thus much, I nevertheless approve of your idea of my undertaking some literary work of utility, did I think my abilities equal to something of this kind, and that I could in any way enforce Morality and recommend the Christian Reli-

gion. But alas ! Perhaps such an attempt may
yet be made before I die. Meanwhile

“ Go then, my Friend, maintain the Faith we boast;
‘ Fight the good fight,’ tho’ multitudes withstand;
Bear the Red-cross amidst a paynim Host,
And win, through hard assay, *the Holy Land*.
Go whither Nature’s ruling instincts lead;
And should’st thou chance some Pilgrim to o’ertake,
Timorous of harm, yet mainly bent on speed,
Winding his secret way through dale or brake;
Him, for my love, and our great Master’s sake,
Shield; and supply with whatsoe’er he need;
The same your Hopes, alike your All ye stake,
Tho’ thou in mail, and he in lowly weed;
Alike ye trust, these mortal conflicts past,
To rest in heav’nly *Palestine* at last.”



“I have read, not long since, Cicero’s ‘*Libri tres de Natura Deorum*,’ which comprize almost all the wisest Gentile opinions about the Divine Nature and attributes ; and furnish, I think to any willing mind, pretty powerful inducements to betake itself to Christ’s Gospel. Such a hopeless wilderness, such absurdity, and so much greater power of demonstrating the weakness of another’s edifice, than sustaining one’s own, are there to be found, as are surely proof sufficient of the inability of human reason in this matter, and admirably calculated to produce that humiliation of it, which is pronounced necessary for the apt reception of revealed truth. It is a sort of proof too that cannot be excepted against on the ground of prejudice or partiality.”

G. L. WAY.



In another letter to the same Friend, he thus writes. "All honest pursuits, or modes of living, taken up from personal motives alone, are much upon a level in point of merit ; *id est*, they who adopt them have, *hactenus*, no merit at all therein. As far as God or one's neighbour is the motive, so far is the pursuit or mode meritorious : I use merit according to common speech ; for strictly after all, 'we are 'but unprofitable servants.'---*Luke 17.*

“Were I to draw out the opposed parts of our two characters to a point, I might perhaps say, that I have more of the ‘Love of God with all my heart :’ You, more of the ‘Love of your Neighbour as yourself.’ Neither of us are right, *id est*, in other words, neither of us are perfect ; nor is perfection attainable by man. To this source, however, (taking the words in the most extensive sense possible,) may perhaps be traced up many of our arguments, and of our differences in sentiment : and perhaps also, if I may be allowed to conclude with a metaphor, the Hill and Valley, Rock and Water, of the country, being now immoveably established ; all we can do is, to improve, by mutual advice and personal diligence, the surface of the landscape ; to meliorate its soil, or soften down its asperities, without foolishly labouring to subvert those characteristick features imposed on it by Nature, and confirmed by the mighty magic of Education and habit.”



An extensive literary correspondence was carried on between Mr. Way and Mr. G. Ellis, previous to the publication of the *Fabliaux*, the first volume of which appeared in 1796, the latter not till the year after Mr. Way's death. The following letters and extracts will shew the estimation in which the work was held.



"17th September, 1794.

"My Dear G. Way,

"I assure you your letter of the 9th was not addled, but arrived with all its cream as perfect as if it had been just laid. But surely, though an excellent poet, you must be a very indifferent arithmetician, for you state yourself on the 9th of September as established at Leighton Buzzard for five or six weeks to come, and yet I find from my

Cousin Jack, that you mean to be in Cappadocia* on the 29th. *Point n 'entens, cher ami, telle façon de compter*—unless you allow only four days to a week ; or unless you are a *parfidy man*, as Mrs. Slipslop says, and mean to disappoint the Cappadocian after all. I wish you had determined to stay in Bedfordshire some time longer, as Charles† and I shall be at Wootton the first week in October ; and as Wootton is not more than 12 miles from Leighton-Buzzard ; and Charles's keeper has had orders not to destroy a single bird, so that you might have exercised your gun on virgin coveys. But, if you must come to Cappadocia by the 29th, I will certainly contrive to meet you there, as I must see you and Nicolette and Aucassin ; and in this case, I will be myself the bearer of the little selection of Fabliaux.

* Mr. John Ellis was at this time residing in a Villa at Fulham, belonging to Mr. Cappadoce, and which the Friends in their correspondence playfully term Cappadocia.

† Charles Rose Ellis, now Lord Seaford.

“From your account of the Anglecised Norman Tales, I collect that it is a detestable work ; for surely the preface and notes are by far the most valuable part of M. Le Grand’s work. Your Fabliaux might do very well without a preface or notes ; because you have clothed M. Le Grand’s skeletons with flesh fat and fair, and have given them life and animation ; but as he gave us only the bones, he thought it necessary to inform us whose bones they were ; and to give us every anecdote in his power respecting the proprietors of the bones, and their manners and modes of life, as well as those of their contemporaries ; and his translator ought certainly to have followed his example.

“I do not insist that you should yet know that you shall ever print your Fabliaux ; it is sufficient, at present, that they afford you amusement, and keep your mind employed and active ; but I hope and trust that the work will continue to grow, and that you will find yourself compelled, by the pleasure

of the task, to complete as many as you judge to be worth translating ; and then I am satisfied we shall succeed in persuading you to give them to the public ; because I am satisfied they will form the most agreeable present that the public has received for many years.

“The almost unexampled sale of ‘Darwin’s loves of the plants,’ proves that the world is not tired of poetry, though they may be sick of sonnets about moonlight, and of the sweet-meats and whipped syllabub, of which our rhymers of trifles are so lavish ; but I hope they are particularly sick of those desperate metaphors, and rash innovations of language, which pretend to be owing to inspiration ; and that they will feel as much obliged, as I do, to a person who will present them with a work in the *English language*. I certainly do love that language as much as Horne Tooke, indeed much more than he does, for he could not be ignorant how much it is connected with the English feelings, which it was originally

intended to express ; and which he and his coadjutors have of late so diabolically endeavoured to destroy.

“But to return to your Fabliaux, I conceive that you would not wish to translate Le Grand’s preface, or even all his notes. It will be sufficient to take the spirit of the former, or rather to write a similar one, I mean a preface of the same kind ; for I am not sure whether his opinion respecting the origin of the Fabliaux is perfectly just ; and though he had unquestionably studied the writers from whom he made his extracts ; I do not think that he had sufficiently attended to the productions of other countries during that period, or to the general manners of Europe. His notes, I remember, pleased me very much ; and of these, all that relates to the manners of the times, must be carefully preserved ; but they are capable of being very much compressed, and would then, I believe, appear to much greater advantage. As you will not translate all the Fabliaux,

you could not take all the notes in their present state ; but such as are valuable may be either woven into the preface, or form a general introduction, or be placed as an *ad lectorem* to some of the tales. This we will talk over when we meet ; and if in this, which is the merely mechanical part of your undertaking, I can be of any service, you may command my exertions to whatever extent you please.

“ Your six last lines of Aucassin and Nicolette are exactly what they ought to be, simple and natural. Explicit likes me well. Your quotation from Milton is charming, and a very just example of that touching simplicity you admire in him. Apropos to Milton, know that Dr. Warton lives near Southwick, and pray look forward to the prospect of making his acquaintance. On his part, I promise you, there will be no backwardness, for I have told him that you are the Author of “ the Ivy,” which he admires as much as I do. He is the most

delightful old man you ever knew, but he is so old that unless Jack succeeds in decoying you down to Southwick in the course of this winter, I don't know when you will see him.—*Vive et Vale*

“Your's sincerely,

“G. E.”



“21st July, 1795.

“My dear G. Way,

“Although my conscience in Epistolary matters be, as you will have perceived, sufficiently callous, you now write to me in such a *questionable* shape, that I must answer you. It is true, I have received two letters since I wrote last ; therefore, first of the first, which bears date, June 20th.

“I was much rejoiced to find that among your various occupations, which you describe so humourously, was that of licking and moulding your Cousin’s* Welsh Notes. They should, I think, by all means, be combined with mine ; and where they will not amalgamate, you have my full leave to alter, in any way you please, my portion of the metal. I do not think that, where notes are concerned, the integrity of style signifies at all ; nothing is necessary

* The Rev. Henry Thomas Payne, Rector of Llanbedr, and Canon of St. David’s, to whom the second Sonnet prefixed to the 1st Volume of the *Fabliaux* was addressed.

but that they should be concise and precise, and in general that they should have a certain air of carelessness ; for a reader is affronted if you suppose him ignorant of any thing, which (to use a phrase of the servant's hall) it is his *business* to understand, or to speak more classically, *quod nescire nefas* : and to explain any thing formally and cautiously, is to say—Sir, you did not know this ! But it is no affront to recall to his remembrance such facts as may have slipped from his recollection, because you know great wits have short memories, and many people fancy themselves wits without any other foundation.

“ Besides these paramount powers, this right of life and death over every thing that concerns the Notes, I give you my full permission to try and judge, *en dernier ressort*, all trifling petty larceny offences committed in the preface, either against the rules of Johnsonian spelling, or the propriety of

stopping ; as also of opposing proper badges to such words as do not seem to indicate, by their livery, the master to whom they belong, such as Breton, Romane, &c.

“I believe with you that Barbasan, who seems to have been deeply read in French Antiquity, has published the order of Knighthood in some other work, for it certainly is not in the three Vols. of *Fabliaux*.

“Now for your second letter.

“*The* Charles who erected the tombs at Roncevaux, was not Charles Ellis, nor Charles Fox, but Charlemagne, as you rightly supposed, and the name shall, if you please, be printed so.

“I sincerely lament poor Bewick’s indisposition. Should his *natale solum* fail of its effect, our poor volume will indeed be most cruelly disfigured ; but I

trust he will recover, without putting us to any further inconvenience than the first fright has occasioned.

“I can have no objection to the printing off the preface immediately, since I see no prospect, from my present studies, of acquiring any piece of information that could be inserted in it to advantage ; and am by no means sure that it would be now in my power to improve it very much. I am truly delighted to find, that upon the whole, after mature deliberation, you really like it, as I value your critical taste much more highly than that of the publick, among whom there are very few who judge for themselves. As I do think the integrity of style in the preface is of great consequence, and doubt not that you agree in this opinion, I am perfectly satisfied that any changes you have made will be emendations, and not alterations.

“I shall be very curious to see the Welch notes, which I trust you will bring with you whenever you move in any direction which is likely to bring you within my vortex. By the way, I should be glad to know about what time you are likely to pay a visit to Southwick ; and whether you migrate *ad shootandum* into Bedfordshire in October, according to your usual practice. Pray tell me all this as soon as you conveniently can.

“I believe I told you how much I was pleased with such of your head and tail pieces as I had happened to see. The pains you have taken for the purpose of rendering the costume every where correct, will perhaps, as you observe, be sometimes lost upon the careless examiner, both because it would, in some places, require a microscope to discover the minute and recondite erudition which lurks in the folds of an almost invisible foot-boy’s dress, and because

Antiquarianism not being an universal accomplishment, the most staringly gigantic propriety in your devices might be *caviar to the multitude*—but then the repose of your own conscience ! In authorship as in morals, Virtue, that is accuracy of conduct of drawing or of writing, is always its own reward ; and as I cannot at present project a more moral termination to my letter, I will content myself with this.

“Your’s most faithfully,

“G. E.”





“Ashbourne, 10th June, 1796.

“My dear G. Way,

“It is an age since I have written to you, which I trust you will attribute to the truly Bæotian occupations, by which my time has been taken up at Seaford ; indeed you cannot be ignorant of the difference between the effects of the pure waters of Hippocrene, (or indeed any other water) and the ale, and punch, and wine, and flip, (a liquor not

much resembling *clairret* or hypocras, or other chevaleresque beverage) of a sea-port village, on the understanding. Being, however, tolerably recovered from the distraction of noise and nonsense, and brought to a seat well beloved by the muses, (in proof of which, pray read, when you can borrow them, Sir Brook Boothby's sonnets) I cannot refrain from talking to you about *the* book which I brought down with me, and have read several times with increasing pleasure. I ought to begin by thanking you for the charming sonnet prefixed to it—but it is of more consequence to give you the opinion of others, and I can assure you that our party are *all* delighted with you. Now observe that our party consists of Canning, Frere, Sneyd, Charles, and myself; and that all, but myself, are impartial and able critics, and consequently that their praise is very well worth having. The "Gentle Bachelor," and the "Mule without a bridle," are the very first favourites: indeed I do sincerely think that the for-

mer is quite equal to Gray, and the second in no respect inferior to Dryden. Do not suppose, because I call these the best, that we do not think all very good ; but the "Mule without a bridle" is an epitome of all romance, and in your hands is more magnificent than any poem of the kind I ever met with. In short, I do assure you without flattery, we are all enchanted with you, and are quite convinced that you will become a regular classick.

"I am reading Le Grand's "*vie privée des Français*," which I have found here, and trust that I shall in due time be called upon for a preface to a second volume. Pray attack Sir Tristram with your two-handed sword : we must have Sir Tristram.

"When shall you be in town ? I stay here ten days, and then to London—I am interrupted, and the post is going out, so God bless you.

"G. E."

The testimony Mr. G. Ellis bears to the antiquarian fidelity of Mr. Way's designs ; and the skill of Bewick in his wood-cuts, which, notwithstanding the progress of art, retain their celebrity, have led to the selection of some specimens as embellishments to this memoir.





The following letter was addressed to Mr. G.
L. Way's elder brother :—

“To Benjamin Way, Esq., Denham Place, Bucks.

“*St. James' Place, 17th May, 1800.*

“Dear Sir,

“I take the liberty of sending you a part of
the second volume of the *Fabliaux*, in which I have
ventured to lay before the publick my idea of our

much lamented friend, your late brother. Your son has seen, and (I flatter myself) approved it ; and I have shewn it to Mr. Sotheby, and to my cousin, both of whom (and particularly the latter) were long in habits of intimacy with him ; and they both seem to think that this faint delineation is, to a certain degree, descriptive of his peculiar, but most amiable character. I explained to Mr. L. Way,* that in forming even this slight sketch, I had felt extremely embarrassed between my own wishes of bringing forward to notice a character which I sincerely admired, and the sort of artificial obscurity in which he had thought fit to envelope himself, and which had effectually kept him from publick attention. Whether I have said too much, or too little, you will judge ; but I trust you will not think that I have failed as an editor in point of zeal and affection.

* The Mr. Lewis Way here referred to, afterwards well known by his exertions for the conversion of the Jews, was second son of Mr. Way, of Denham. The members of the Church of England residing in Paris are indebted to him for the establishment, at his own expense, of the first Church in that City for the performance of Divine Service according to their Ritual.

“I have only to add that these scraps need not be returned, as they are duplicates of proofs in the printer’s hands. You will see that little more than one sheet is now wanting, and consequently that we may hope, within about a fortnight, to lay the whole before the public.

“Your’s most faithfully,

“G. ELLIS.”



Mature reflection, and a conscientious view of his unfitness to tread the arduous road that leads to worldly prosperity and honors, having determined Mr. Way to reside in the country, and to seek his happiness there in the practice of religion ; he made, as we learn from Mr. G. Ellis, its history and evidences the chief object of his study and meditation ; and for amusement, allowed his genius to roam among the attractive paths of Poetry and Romance. But it should here be recorded that, though living in retirement, he did not neglect to make himself conversant with the laws and constitution of his country, considering this to be an appropriate and very useful study for a country gentleman. A manuscript abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries is evidence of this ; and in one of his earlier poems he thus alludes to himself :—

“ Free, unconstrain'd, my country's laws I choose,
“ Those laws by which e'en Monarch's are controll'd,
“ Their changes trace, their origin deduce ;
“ But do it for instruction, not for gold.”



In the pursuits and recreations of early life, Mr. Way had given a decided preference to Natural History, especially taking pleasure in observing the various manners and habits of British Birds ; of these he collected many stuffed specimens, and his drawings, several of which are coloured, prove that he had well studied both their plumage and characteristic attitudes. His researches in Ornithology, and love of the country, led him to make shooting one of his chief amusements : he sported in the

fashion of the English gentleman of his day, enjoying, when occasion offered, the company of one or two friends ; but more frequently attended only by his faithful and attached servant.* The gun then in use, become now almost an object of antiquarian curiosity, and scarcely to be met with, unless perchance in the hands of some peasant, or laid up in the closet of an old sportsman, was single-barrelled, in length about five feet,† with flint lock ; and differed as much in construction and rapidity of firing

* John Tweed, lived as servant with Mr Way from an early age, and also with Mrs. Way for several years subsequent to her husband's death. He afterwards kept a shop in a cottage on the Spencer Farm property, and died at the age of 80, in the year 1841. The feelings of this simple, pious, and humble-minded man were those of a christian and a gentleman, and his talents if cultivated in youth, would have been of a very high order. He was deeply imbued with the tastes and habits of his master, of whom he ever retained an affectionate and admiring recollection. The fund of anecdotes, which he delighted to relate, respecting Mr. Way and his friends, appeared to be inexhaustible, affording a frequent source of interest and amusement to two succeeding generations of the family, by all of whom John Tweed was esteemed and loved.

† The gun made by Griffin and Tow, of London, with which Mr. G. L. Way shot, measures 4 feet 10½ inches.

from the Mantons and Purdeys of the present times, as from the matchlocks of the seventeenth century. The pointer, or other dog of the chase of 'sixty years since,' was well chosen and well trained. There was a degree of science in the education and management of these sagacious animals, and a gratification in watching and directing their movements, that gave an interest and rationality to the sport, far superior to any that can arise from the modern system of human beaters, who now compose the train of a fashionable shooting party. The object was not, as in the foreign-named *battue*, an indiscriminate destruction of game ; but to combine exercise with amusement.

Acquaintance with Natural History, the recreation which his gun and dog afforded, a cultivated taste and partiality for the quaint and simple style of the language and manners of earlier times, and the hope of conveying moral instruction in an

engaging form, united in suggesting to Mr. Way the idea of writing a work on shooting, as a companion to "Walton's compleat Angler," which he much admired. The plan of the intended work is shown in the following letters :—

Spencer Farm, 5th March, 1798.

"My dear G. Ellis,

"The charming *freedom** of our correspondence has been, in my judgment, inconsiderately hazarded by your attempt at Archaism as above inclosed for your more careful decision. Whether I am indebted to the taste, the inattention, or the liberality of the postmaster, you possibly may be able to conjecture for me : I, however, beheld with joy the two concentrick crimson circles with their characteristick inscriptions, and hailed the impress of liberty. I can now proceed to tell you how glad

* Mr. Ellis had franked his letter, but its freedom from postage was endangered by the enclosure. The word "Free," within two red ink circles, was however stamped on the cover.

I am that you are so near well. Thank God, I am perfectly so.

“I shall be doubly obliged to you for occasionally franking me an Anti-Jacobin, for I shall thus get an amusing sheet in print, and shall gather that you are not very ill, when you merely write on the *outside* of your paper.

“I do take a newspaper, which I think a good one, and which gives advertisements of new publications ; and I feel loath to change it. I never showed you a ballad I sent to the Loyal Squib Manufactory some years ago, (about the time of Reeves’s Association,*) entitled “The Pedlar’s News

* An Association was formed in Nov. 1792, by John Reeves, Esq., for the purpose of protecting liberty and property against the daring attempts of republicans and levellers, which immediately increased to a very numerous body of subscribers, among whom were many of the most wealthy persons and respectable characters in the kingdom.—ANNUAL REG. FOR 1793, p. 3.

from Paris." I think the two following stanzas were the best :—

I'm fresh from Paris City,
Where freedom's grown so plenty,
That the poorest man you see
Has at least enough for three,
Or perhaps for three-and-twenty.

There freedom serves for food, sirs;
There freedom serves for riches;
And, when you take the air,
Your nether parts are bare,
And your freedom serves for breeches.

"Pray send me, as soon as you return to London, Charles Ellis's speech on Negroes ; and also your own on ditto. Yours I will return ; perhaps tho' not uncopied, unless you forbid me. I shall also be very glad to see your two papers on French finance ; and for 'the apprehending your world of figures there' * shall rely on your promised annotations.

"As a philosophical and moral politician, I frankly declare, that I think the enmity of France,

* He apprehends a world of figures here.—

HEN. 4, PART 1, ACT 1, SCENE 3.

by imposing on the rank, voluptuousness, and dissipation of this country, her present sumptuary laws, (which *must continue and increase* on the *opulent*, and but little more on the people at large, let the war last while it may,) is doing Great Britain a service which she would not have rendered to herself. I am not fearful of the issue.

“The ‘*grande opus*’ proceeds but with a most leisurely pace indeed ; thus spreading the amusement of life over a larger surface, tho’ in parts very thinly laid. I think I shall not fall short of eighteen, or exceed twenty tales, for this 2nd Volume ; but at the rate I travel, it will not be finished these seven years. I shall be very glad to see your *Vie privée des Français*. Wace I am less earnest for, so don’t send him, for I can borrow him here (I believe) of an F. A. S.—Pray are you an F. A. S. ? I have done a little of *Griselidis*.

"Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo?"

"I have lately had a thought in my head for your especial privacy. I think a very pretty, pleasant, vendible book might be made on the subject of *Shooting*, on the following plan:—Our model—I. Walton's compleat angler.—Our style—what Walton's would have been in our day.—Our scene—Westmoreland, Cumberland, Scotland.—Principal characters—two old school-fellows, (like ourselves) of whom, one, after having passed many years in the West Indies, goes down to take a compleat British shooting season with the other, who has a family and has resided totally in the north.—The parish clergyman, exemplary in his duties, yet occasionally joining in field-sports, and incidentally touching on the moral bearings of the same.—The form—dialoguewise with picturesque scenery, brought lively before the reader.—But I have said enough to make you conceive all I mean. Do you scout the idea?—Or, do you feel *warmed*?—At any rate mention it to no person.

I think we might make a pleasant, innocent, and (even morally) useful book. Pray give me a line directly, for surely a sick foxhunter must find time heavy on hand.

“Yours, G. L. W.”



“*Melton Mowbray, 11th March, 1798.*

“My dear G. Way,

“It has not been with a view either to disprove, or appear indignant at, your axiom, ‘that a sick fox-hunter must find time heavy on his hands,’ that I did not answer your letter by return of post ; but because being in very good health and very actively engaged in hunting, I found my powers of writing so completely subdued by fatigue, that I thought it better to reserve my answer for a moment of leisure and tranquillity.

“Now I must tell you, that if I could say ‘*boni convenimus ambo*’—if we really and *bona fide* met in our corporeal state at Wootton, or (which is much more likely to happen) at Jack’s Villa Medici, and had an opportunity of digesting a literary plan and a substantial breakfast at the same time ; I should be very much disposed to join in the work you mention ; and am ready to believe that such a

work might be rendered not only very entertaining, but 'even morally useful.' But in the very short sketch which you have submitted to me, there is scarcely a word which would not furnish occasion for some discussion, and much exemplification. For instance,—“Our style—what Walton's would have been in our day.” This description of a style, which probably to you, who are well read in the writings of Walton's day, is sufficiently precise and accurate, is by no means so to me. I could not name an author whose style appears to me to answer in any respect to that of Walton. His excellence I conceive to be a sort of quaint simplicity ; the result, probably, of his peculiar turn of mind : and I conceive that this might be imitated, and perhaps very happily (as Sterne imitated Rabelais) and furnish a new model of style ; but I don't quite collect whether this is what you mean.

“Farther—as the charm of such a work would

depend on its being properly dramatized, it would be necessary to think over maturely the characters to be assigned to the W. Indian—the father of a family—and the clergyman : to determine how far any of them should be seasoned with eccentricity, &c. ; or whether they should be distinguished only by the more general characteristic contrasts of eagerness, equanimity, &c. &c. How much and what species of episode should be admitted, and so forth. In short, as I said before, all this would require much talking over, either by a fire-side, or in the course of a quarter-deck walk by the banks of the Thames ; for, if it were discussed by letter, the scaffolding, Sir, would consume as much labour as the edifice. I do by no means scout the idea : I do feel *warmed*—but it is hitherto an undefined warmth, and I expect your farther orders and directions.

“I exhort you to keep the idea of Fulham in your mind, and so arrange your own plans as to

enable you to meet me in the early part of the summer at Villa Medici. At the same time I wish it to be understood, that if you should feel so much warmed with your subject as to wish to throw a chapter of the work on paper, and communicate the said chapter to me ; I shall be very glad to commune with my own mind on the subject, and promise to inform you after such trial, *quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusant.*

“I am an F. A. S. and an F. R. S. too—there’s for you !—Be assured that I will send you the ‘*vie privée des Français*,’ Charles’s speech, and my own, very speedily after my arrival in the great city, to which we mean to direct our wheels in seven days from the present 11th of March, N. S. I will also send you some Anti-Jacobins.

“It has frequently come into my head to exhort you to contribute in some shape or other, that is

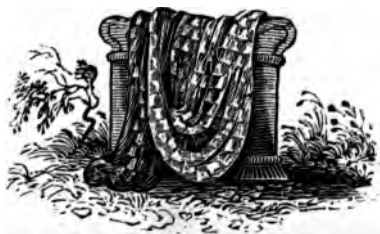
either in prose or verse, to that paper ; but my zeal for the completion of the *grande opus*, which I very sincerely and seriously think a work of great importance to the improvement of the publick taste, has always prevented me. Any essay or letter, whether serious or comical, tending to elucidate the effect of Jacobinism on the morals and taste, and its pernicious influence on private happiness, would be very acceptable.

“Your verses on French freedom are excellent. Were they ever printed, and if so, where ? If they have not, pray send me the whole song which ought to appear at least in the *Sun* or *True Briton*, supposing it too light and Doric for the *Anti-jacobin*.

“I perfectly agree with you, as a philosophical and moral politician, in your reflections on the moral tendency of the present war. I remember Lord Carysfort used to plead in favour of war, that it was

always a good thing—that it operated as a more extensive Botany-bay—that it purged a country of those restless spirits who are unfit for the occupations of sober industry—and that it was generally the parent of economy. Perhaps he carried his system much too far ; but your mitigated opinion is quite to my mind.

“G. ELLIS.”



“ *Spencer Farm, 5th April, 1798.*

“ My Dear G. E.,

“ Thanks for yours of March 11th, which I have somehow, and without any good reason or excuse, delayed acknowledging till this day.

“ ‘ *Ut in medias res auditorem rapiam,*’ I shall at once say that I am delighted at your seeming to feel something of the sacred fury about *Walton redivivus*, (you see I write enigmatically, so that my letter will betray nothing to the uninitiated, should it fall into their hands.) I allow I merely sent you a sketch, yet it substantially contained all I know myself. Politiano, and ———, who must you be ? will do wonders at the Villa of Giovanni di Medici, if they don’t unhappily straggle into the river during their discussions.—Walton must be well skimmed, Sir !—Our minds must be incorporated with his by a slow gentle fermentation, and a well defecated, clear, mellow liquor will be produced.

“I seem to think you grasp my notion about Walton ; but I really have not thought distinctly upon the subject myself. It however appears to me that, in our *dramatis personæ*, we ought to degenerate but little, if at all, into individual character. This would lead us aside into bye-paths—it would load our subject too much with quisquilius matter. The general diversities of climate and habits of life should rather be our only distinctions. But I merely hazard, and would not be thought to affirm, all this.—I really doubt my being capable of writing a chapter till I have seen what you can do as a model for me. I believe I can do something in the clergyman’s character—I think we may make a choice book.

“I believe I shall be in or near London shortly, then I shall see you ; and then you may give me *vie privée*, &c. But, if you have leisure, send me your speeches, &c., in franks, hither and soon.

“I do not feel that I can hatch anything fit for the Anti-jacobin at present ; yet I may hereafter in happier mood.—‘The Pedlar’s News from Paris’ was printed in No. 2 of the Anti-levelling Songster, *Downes*, 240, Temple Bar, Strand, 1793, with other loyal ballads of the day. The metre is from a political Cavalier Song of Sir John Denham’s, which begins

“’Twas in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous.”

My song is entitled, ‘A proper new ballad,’ to the tune of “I am mad Tom, behold me ! or thereabouts.” Believe me, my dear G. E., in verse or prose,

“Your G. L. Way.”



“Spencer Farm, 14th Dec. 1798.

“My dear G. E.

“I received yours of Tuesday night, (11th instant,) and, though I answer it immediately, I do not intend thereby a severe silent reproof, upon condition you let me hear very soon indeed that your health is re-established, and remember me kindly to Charles and his wife. To say the truth, I did not feel your silence but as the customary breathing-time

of *plumed* antagonists ; but I do feel mortified at being *forgotten in a drawer*—therefore—

‘ *Gratia ab officio, quod mora tardat, abest.*’

Therefore also—in the words of the Neapolitan Lazaroni to the *golden head* of their tutelary St. Januarius, when they had besought him in vain for something out of his power—therefore, (I conclude your complexion is still capable of rivalling St. Januarius) ‘you *yellow-faced* rascal,’ &c. &c. (see Dr. Moore’s Italy.)—Now I’ll tell you why I am so angry. Why Sir ! *The Battle* is lost ! O that I were Frederick of Prussia ! Notwithstanding your honour, and being *quite certain* of the mission of said *Battle* (of Carnival and Lent) ;* I am *more certain* that I have never received from you the said *Battle* myself, nor have I ever requested you (till my last letter) to frank it to any other person.—The “Countess of Vergy,” and the “Road to Paradise,” you *did* return, or frank elsewhere ; but never my ‘*Battle*.’

* A Tale in the Fabliaux.

“As there is no other way of bringing these opposite assertions to proof, I demand the *wager*—not the ancient one of combat, but its modern substitute of money ; and accordingly I claim to stake a new seven-shilling piece upon the truth of my assertion ; which if you refuse, you are recreant, and I throw down my glove.

“Now for the progress :—I have finished, much *con amore*, and I have pleased myself with the execution, ‘The *Paradis d’Amour, ou complaints d’Amour*,’—which, however, (as you will see on reading the French in Le Grand,) I do not expect to please or interest any body but such Spenser-ified people as Frere. There are some stanzas about Love, which perhaps you may like.

“Now, for your Specimens. These, I collect from your speaking of thirty additional pages as nothing, &c., are surely to become two volumes ?

If you mean to re-publish my 'Ivy,' pray let me correct the press of that page, *selon mon gout*. I would advise the expansion of your preface.

"I think we might elicit some extracts from Chancer. "The Cuckoo and Nightingale," if I recollect, is worth considering. But I will examine. Gower and Lydgate are indeed, I fear, inflexible.—When I look into these, and still duller Black-letter Authors, I can hardly conceive such a state of mind as should make coteremporaries delight in them. Yet, as a striking instance how taste, &c. depend upon circumstances, pray refer to Charles 1st's speech on the scaffold.

"Pray tell me if you think the following *fac-simile* correct :—

"Or—la voi ! la voi ! la voi ! (voila query ?)
 La fontaine y sort serie ;
 Or la voi, la voi, m' amie,
 Le glaïolai desous l'aunoi,
 Or—la voi, la voi ! la belle
 Blonde or la voi ! "

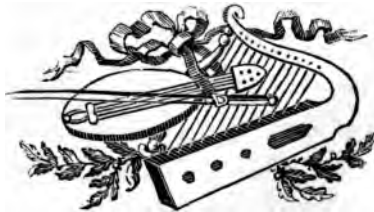
“Now—behold! behold! behold!
 Gentle waters gushing are;
 Love, behold!—The iris there
 Blooms beneath the alder old.
 Now—behold! behold! the fair
 Pretty, now behold!”

“Pray send me a prose translation of—

“Ainsi va qui amors maine
 Pucele plus blanche que laine,
 Mestre musars me soustient,
 Ainsi va qui amors maine,
 Et ainsi qui les maintient.”

“God bless you, G. L. W.”

“P. S.—What say *your world* to the intended
 Decimation of Income, both in *re*, *et in modo*?”



“ Wootton, 17th Dec., 1798.

“ My dear G. Way,

“ I never was more puzzled in my life than by the request at the conclusion of your letter (14th Dec.) of a prose translation of ‘ *Ainsi va, &c.*’ We have not here Le Grand’s *Fabliaux*, and I should want all the assistance that the mode of introducing the lines in question could give me, in order to understand them. In the first place I don’t know who is the speaker, whether male or female? The apparent meaning seems to be, “ *Ainsi va (celui ou celle) qui mene (une affaire d’) amour.*” Thus goes it with one who carries on an affair of love—Pucelle, &c.—is this addressed to her? or does it mean, “ *Ainsi va la pucelle plus blanche que laine qui mene amors?*” Then for the next line—“ *Musard*” is (if I am not much mistaken) still in use, like “ *museau*,” in the *low comic* to signify a face, and “ *mestre musars*,” (*maitre musard*, or *museau*), may perhaps be used (like the *maitre corbeau*, *maitre*

renard, &c., of La Fontaine), as a familiar and comical personification. In this case it may mean her (or *his*, for I don't know the sex of the speaker) dear little phiz supports and encourages me. I presume that "*maintient*," in the last line, means "persevering."—I leave to your judgment, therefore, the following conjectural paraphrase. "Such is the life of him who embarks in an affair of love. Pretty maid, who art whiter than wool, it is the image of your sweet phiz that encourages me. Such is the life of one who embarks in an affair of love, and such, of one who perseveres in it.

"I think your translation of "*Or la voi*, &c.," delicious. I don't think that "*or la voi*" is the same as "*voilà*" in general, or at least universally, for I should think that it often means "*Je la vois*." I presume you know by the context that, in the present instance, the writer is speaking to his love, and not exclaiming that he sees her, and sees at the same

time the water gushing from the fountain, the iris blooming, &c. And yet in this case, ought he not to say *my* fair, instead of *the* fair? And is not the word "Love," as a translation of "*ma mie*," rather equivocal? Would not "sweet," or some synonymous expression be better?

"I quite long, and so does Eliza (who has obtained the right of longing) to see your *Paradis d'amour* written *con amore*. Could you not send it to me? Be assured I am sufficiently Spenserized for the purpose.

"I do hope to extend my specimens to two volumes, though probably they must be small ones. My idea was to reprint the old preface, and add to it a very few additional remarks in the same concise style: to write an introduction at some length, taking a pretty general view of our poetry, with extracts from Chaucer, &c., and endeavouring to comprise all

the material information comprised in Warton. Supposing, therefore, that this, together with the specimens added and to be added, a table of contents, and a few scattered notices prefixed to some of the pieces, to amount to 160 or 170 pages, I shall have at least five hundred pages, which will make two tolerable volumes, when printed on paper something thicker than the last.

“I accept your challenge, and take up your glove. I trust that your battle, Sir, is not lost, and that (like the French Army in Egypt) it is only mislaid : it was too good to be lost, and as Uncle Toby would say (only that he would swear it too) it shall not be lost !

“‘Our World’ are of opinion that the intended decimation of income is the only method of avoiding, in some degree, the shameful evasions that have been practised by the enemies of the present government.

To you and me it will not be an additional tax : in my case, I am very sure it will amount to less than the assessment in which I acquiesced last year.

“So much for all your questions, excepting that which relates to myself. In answer to this, I have to say, that the outward man continues of a lemon colour, but that the inner man is considerably fortified, and is confident of vanquishing his adversary in the course of a few days more. I have been riding, which has done me much good : indeed, I understand from the most learned Leeches, that a horse, in cases of Jaundice, is the best physician. God bless you, My dear G. W. Pray write soon.



"*Spencer Farm, 10th January, 1799.*

"My dear G. E.,

"It is incontestably very unhandy of you not to have Le Grand's and Barbasan's Fabliaux in your right and left breeches pockets.

"*Ainsi va qui amors maine*

"*Pucelle plus blanche que laine, &c.,*

is not in Le Grand, but in Barbasan (1756). However, I am much benefited by your explanations, tho' made without the assistance of the context.—The "*Ainsi va, &c.*," is in Barbasan's *Lai d'Aristotle*, and with the aid of your letter, I have done it thus :

"And with a voice of triumph loudly cried—

So fares the wight that mighty Love doth guide!

So speeds he that Love doth snare!

Lass! than fleece more dainty fair!

Master wizard bears thee merrily!

So speed they that Love doth snare,

And so that yield him harbour verily!"

"I have altered "*Or la voi! la voi!*" as follows:—

"Now—behold her!—now behold!
Where gently-gushing waters are;
My love—behold her! iris where
Blooms beneath the alder old:
Now, behold!—behold!—the fair
Pretty!—now behold.

"With respect to my "*Paradis d'amour*;" your own longing; and *la belle Inconnue* (by which designation I mean to adumbrate the Lady Eliza* you spoke of in your last letter); I can only say at present, (for I have not copied a line out of my place-book,)

"Non me memenissee pigebit Elisæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus."

"If you will really take pains with your alembic, and give us the essence of Warton's History of Poetry, in an introduction of some length to your

* Elizabeth, only daughter of Lord Hervey, son of the 4th Earl of Bristol, married in 1798, to Charles Rose Ellis, who was created, in 1826, Baron Seaforth.

specimens, (why not *ours*? *et in Arcadia ego!*) you will do the world of *Belles Lettres* a notable kindness. Do, my dear Sir! do exert yourself!—Remember withal, that the Hist. Poetry, is not a masterpiece of *correctness* or *method*; on which very account, your epitome will be doubly valuable.

“Pray where are you at present? Have you found my Battle? For I see, by the Paris accounts, Buonaparte’s army is found, and gone on a foreign expedition. I much approve the decimation of Income.—Are you quite unjaundiced?

“I still continue my studies (see Pliny’s letters —‘*Apros tres, et quidem pulcherrimos, cepi, &c.*’) for Walton’s *redivivus*, *c’est a dire*—I shot, the other day, a hen pheasant with a green head and neck, whitish beak, and bayish feathers in the breast. Did you ever shoot or see one of these?—I have seen two or three specimens before, in the course of

my life. Query?—Is this owing to old age, which sometimes produces beards in women? This season I also saw a white pheasant, but was not lucky enough to get a shot at it.

“I clinch this scrawl with a Stanza from *Paradis d’amour* :—

“ Already with his shrilling carol gay
The vaulting sky-lark hail’d the sun from far,
And with so sweet a musick seem’d to play
My heartstrings round, as some prodigious star
Had chas’d whate’er might fullest joyance mar :
Bath’d in delicious dews of calm delight,
My voice thus strove to paint my solac’d spright.

(Chanson)

Aloette
Joliette!

&c.

Hark! O hark!
Merry lark!

Your’s truly,

G. L. WAY.

"Spencer Farm, 11th January, 1799.

"My dear G. E.

"I hope you received my letter in answer to your last. I now enclose in two covers, two sheets of your speech in reply to Wilberforce. I shall add a few lines from *Walton redivivus*, of which I beg your early and honest opinion.

"The three chief personæ dramatis are—*Auceps*—an elderly North-country gentleman, descended from I. Walton's Auceps, in whose family-house he lives. *Viator*—a descendant from I. Walton's Venator, or Cotton's Viator, (who, you recollect, are the same person ;) and Pastor, the clergyman of the parish."



CHAPTER 1st.

AUCEPS.

VIATOR.

Auceps.—Welcome, welcome, my old school-fellow ! since the last packet from your Islands brought me word that you were bound for England, I have thought Heronshaw Hall would scarce have contained me, and that I must e'en have been hurried by the stage-coach to Liverpool, in order to have been the very first man to bid you welcome on shore.

Viator.—[Left open for G. E.—The sooner filled up the more welcome.]

Auceps—(will in the course of Chapter 1st. go on thus)—and now, Sir, I see by the hour the sun tells on the stained dial-pane of this western casement, that it is time for me to light my afternoon's pipe, and take my rum and water with a biscuit ; in which latter fare you perhaps will become my mess-fellow. Look, Sir, how lively the rich colours of the coats of arms, and the slant shadow of the munnions, are thrown upon these window-shutters : my life for it, we shall see a fine day-break to-morrow, to begin our Grouse-shooting ; and to-morrow, as it falls out, is the very first day of the season for this red-game, (as we call it,) by the Act of our Parliament ; and that long range of hills you behold yonder, behind which the sun is even now sinking, leaving those numberless little rippling clouds dyed with his brightness, will yield us pastime sufficient to make both our own and our mule's legs ache heartily, &c. &c.

(They go to bed.)

CHAPTER 2nd.

Auceps.—Marry, Sir ! you see the weather is not worse than my word, and—but, by my troth, I am nigh ashamed to think you should be down in the hall before me ; and armed cap-a-pie too, I see ! with a fustian jacket and waistcoat, and leathern breeches and boots, all sheer new !—Sir, the short skirts of your jacket are well devised ; but for your boots, grant me the privilege of telling you, that I commend them not, as best for the business we are engaged in : stout sheep's-skin hose are of far lighter wear, and withal cheaper. Now for your gun with the two locks and barrels, I know not, I ! yet I would well nigh hazard the wager, my bag against yours, weight for weight, or count our day's produce by the head, bird for bird, whichever you are most minded for, that I shall not fall short ; and yet be beholden to nothing but this choice old Spanish fowling-piece here lying before me.—But, my dear friend, you will,

I am sure, pardon what I have vaunted in mere good humour, and allow something to the talkativeness of an old sportsman. And now, Sir, for I see we have done breakfast, let us be gone without lingering, for the earlier we are on the hills, the better ; and my servant always carries a wallet well-stored for our dinner.

* * * *

So, Sir, now we are upon the hills ; and our mules pant mainly, and my man's galloway is well-nigh out of wind.

Viator.—What are these shrubs I see here, my friend ? Is this rich purple blossom that now on all sides surrounds us, the heath or ling you were speaking of ?—I see you smile at the simplicity of my question, and I can very readily forgive you, and even join in your mirth : a person who was taken from school to the West Indies, and has

never since seen Europe, is likely to be as laughable in his enquiries about the common productions of Great Britain, as a new-imported negro.

G. L. WAY.



“Wootton, 16th January, 1799.

“My Dear G. Way,

“The only way of answering two letters at once, and of doing it in a way to satisfy a man’s own conscience, is to take a huge sheet of paper (and see here it is) that looks respectable and overpowering, and that gives space and room enough for dissertative criticism.

“To letter first (that of 10th) I say thus. First, I am not quite so *unhandy* as I thought myself : for lo ! I have found Le Grand here. You did not tell me that the song was from Barbasan, and I was fool enough not to consider that it must be so : we have him too.

“Next, I am half tempted to believe that the composer of the song, ‘*Ainsi va qui amors mene,*’ had in his eye the representation (of which there were millions of copies) of Cupid bestriding a Lion—

but this conjecture is not very much to the purpose, unless you think it worth while either to insert in the second verse '*ride*' instead of '*guide*,' or to say something like this—'So speed they who Cupid bear'—in which case the word *bear* must not recur again coupled with Master vizard (or Wizard—Query,) but the word—'*ambles*'—or something to that effect. I do not think I quite like the word *snare* at any rate ; and am not sure that I approve the last verse,

" And so that yield him harbour verily."

I fancy, and so does Charles, whom I have consulted on the subject, that your version, as it now stands, will appear obscure ; and the omission of the word *they* or *those* in the context, does not diminish the obscurity.—Ponder on this my dear G. Way.

"Your translation of '*or la voi, la voi!*' is perfect, excepting that in my opinion the word *where* has a bad effect. I would propose—

" My love—behold her—Iris there, &c."

“Now to letter second—Walton himself would, I think, be happy to own you as his literary relation. Your dialogue is exquisitely simple ; and I do think that a work may be framed on such a plan, that may essentially contribute to promote purposes far more important and beneficial to society, than any work of mere amusement. Such a work “*admissus circum præcordia ludit ;*” and by inculcating religion and morality, will prove an excellent antidote to the many baneful productions of the Jacobin press. I shall certainly be happy to co-operate with you in such an undertaking ; but I cannot at present attempt it, as I have not the power of diverting my attention from what I am now about, (though that only occupies me occasionally and by starts,) amidst the distraction and confusion of political subjects. It must, I believe, be summer-work ; but my heart is very sincerely interested in the project, and I trust my head will ultimately be brought to a proper tone for the purpose. With respect to you, who, “*apis*

matinæ more modoque,”—fly from flower to flower, (though where you find them at this time of the year I cannot imagine) the change of employment is, I dare say, a variety of amusement: otherwise I should, notwithstanding all my interest in Walton *redivivus*, put on my censorial frown and exclaim—“*Hoc age!*” write *Fabliaux*; nor, till you have completed that work, indulge in these distractions. I now only exhort you *mildly* not to lose sight of them; and to consider that the facility in versification which you have acquired is inestimable, and that it would infallibly diminish by any long interruption in the habit of poetical composition.

“Now to return to letter first—I approve most completely of your Stanza from ‘*Paradis d’ amour*,’ excepting the word *prodigious*: I should rather think that ‘benignant star’ would be better, as prodigious stars were usually supposed to announce misfortune, whereas the star which presided over

their nativity, was thought by our ancestors to have the superintendence of their happier moments— Perhaps you had written ‘propitious.’

“I believe with you, (and it is one of Jack’s favourite hypotheses,) that female birds acquire the plumage of the cock, as women acquire beards, by age : certain it is, that I have seen many hen pheasants that could scarcely be distinguished from cocks but by the want of spurs, and they were evidently very old birds.

“I think very seriously of distilling Tom Warton. I have read his volumes more than once, and have found that from a disposition to caper backwards and forwards, (as I have done in answering your two letters,) he has so completely bewildered my head that there remain in it very few traces of what I have read. My idea is to make my introduction a sort of dissertation on the general state of

our poetry and language, in the whole period that *our* specimens embrace, and indeed of the period immediately preceding them ; and to illustrate this latter part with specimens from Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. ; which, being thus introduced, not as compositions but as fragments, may be easily selected. Pray read and think for me, when you want a subject for reading and thinking, and send me the result ; above all help me to enlarge *our* stock of specimens. When my additions shall be a little more considerable, I will send them for your inspection.

“And now, my dear G. Way, I have only to add that Charles and his Eliza join with me in all good wishes ! *Vale, et rescribe !*

G. ELLIS.



It appears from the Note-book, in which Mr. Way entered such ideas as from time to time suggested themselves to his mind, with a view to the intended work on Shooting, that Viator's Son was to have been added to the *personæ dramatis*, in order to afford Auceps an opportunity of conveying, through the young and inexperienced sportsman, many useful hints, and more instruction than would have been suitable, or agreeable, to his elder companions. A rough entry in the same book also introduces us, somewhat abruptly it is true, to a personal intercourse with Pastor ; and we lament the shortness of the acquaintance :—

Pastor.—I am right glad, Sir, to answer your question.—There are those, I know, who hold that one of my cloth should have nothing to do with the gun and the dog ; and my worthy neighbour Auceps will remember, that honest Piscator tells us, “ ’tis an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation ; ” and there are harsh, or very nice minds, that do not discriminate between a diversion innocently enjoyed, or made wrong by excess. For my part, I find shooting more cheering to the spirits, and therefore a more healthful relaxation than a mere walk. Still I am free to confess, that I once was scrupulous and tender, and abstained ; till by reasoning I had proved it innocent. A love of the chase is natural to man, and may be called an *aboriginal* instinct. The same pleasure does not arise from hitting a ball thrown into the air, or a tame pigeon when taking its flight in your yard, as from killing wild game—animals *feræ naturæ*.—It is, therefore, neither mere skill, nor the desire of giving pain, nor gratification

arising from taking away life.—In truth, Sirs, I am content to rest my right to the destruction of animal life, where, I believe, our Creator has himself placed it, in the permission given to Noah.—“The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon the fishes of the sea ; into your hand are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you ; even as the green herb have I given you all things.”—But (*turning to Viator’s son*) young man, remember, it is a thing allowed not enjoined.—It may, I think, be employed not only in promoting health and cheerfulness, but even to moral purposes—the control of temper for instance :—and to juvenile lovers of the sport, I would say, bear perpetually in mind, when once you feel any malignant passion arising ; whenever you become angry with your dogs—ruffled at missing your aim, and thence foolishly and sinfully shooting at game that rises

wild ; firing into a covey, from mere revenge, for the sake of wounding, when you have no reasonable hope of its being near enough to kill ; it is time to go home :—Let pastime, now no longer pastime, give place to sober thought, and I trust you will return next time to the stubble or the coppice, with improved principles and fortified resolutions.

The ‘Shooter’s Guide’ would have been illustrated by wood-cuts of different sorts of game, some of which were already sketched.—A hen pheasant with wing and leg stretched out basking on a sandy bank, the cock running along a grass path by the side.—Woodcocks—a snow-scene, with a wood in the back-ground.—That of the black-game had been placed in Bewick’s hands, and a proof returned to Mr. Way. It represents the male and female birds, in the fore-ground—a stream crossed by a bridge is in the middle distance, and a road winds up to the far-off heath-clad hills, on the side of which are a

party of shooters on horseback and on foot.—The Yeldham Great Oak was designed for the frontispiece, under the title of ‘The Shooter’s Friend,’ with Auceps and his companions, seated on its projecting and gnarled roots, dividing the contents of the well-stored wallet. This picturesque relick of the primeval forest, now fast going to decay, measures in girth, at one foot from the ground, forty-six feet, and at four feet from the ground, thirty feet. It has often been an object of study to the artist ; and, in 1833, Mr. Ward, R.A., while staying at Spencer Farm, made this tree the subject of a picture, introducing a party of huntsmen, with hounds, who happened to be passing by at the time. The picture was, the following year, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Isaac Walton, in his dedicatory epistle to the ‘Compleat Angler,’ says—“I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me, that

his intentions were to write a discourse of the Art, and in praise of Angling ; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him ; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry." With like feelings of regret it is remembered, that death also prevented Mr. Way from going on with his discourse of the Art and in praise of Shooting ; and we may safely carry on the remark of honest Isaac Walton, and add, that "then (from the pens of Mr. Way and Mr. Ellis) the unlearned *Shooter* had seen a treatise of this Art that might have proved worthy his perusal."





Mr. Way's friendship was affectionate and steady ; and the welfare of those to whom he attached himself called forth his lively consideration. Having made religion his own chief study, he urged it on their attention ; and estimating this world as merely preparatory to another, did not confine his wishes for the prosperity of his friends to the possession and enjoyment of worldly advantages ; but desired that they should be partakers of those better treasures, and that true happiness, which he was himself seeking.

TO JOHN ELLIS, ESQ.

"Spencer Farm, 23rd April, 1791.

"Dear Ellis,

"Your letter of April 1st. gave me much satisfaction, and I desire to reciprocate congratulations with you and yours. Our wives' presents to us were as near together as possible. Mine was a boy produced into the world on the first of March, and since christened 'John,' in honour of John Lord Sheffield, his godfather. We are all well. Mrs. G. W. rides from four to eight miles after dinner, and I walk by her side. I have not yet begun angling this season ; but purpose soon so to do. So you have now bought a house in Portland Place. *Quod felix faustumque sit!* I think I am right glad of it, for I shall have the hope of finding a friend, a bed, and a bottle of Burgundy, (or *Hermitage* which I like better,) when fate impels me to approach the clamour and *tracasserie* of London. Dr. Johnson says somewhere that 'no human action

is pure in all its parts from first motive to final termination.' I fear I must not arrogate purity to myself in this instance. After having said all this, I will not thank you *formally* for your friendly invitation.

"My arrangements for this year are : first—immoveable at this place till August. Then at Leighton with Lady Northampton and my mother, till sometime in October. Then (about the end of October I guess) home again, via London ; in which city I shall stay long enough to transact what little business I have there, to see *Pelicans*, buy books for winter consumption, &c. Do you really want your drawings ? I will do my best to send them safe to you if you choose it. Let me know what I shall do on this head.

"Now for poetry.—You say you shall trespass upon me to send (which implies my transcribing) my

unpublished rhymes, even 'Chloe's looking-glass.' I did send you that, fresh from the *glass-house*; and you, I guess, finding it broken by Chloe, conceived (no doubt) that by putting the fragments into the fire, you could fuse them, and set all to rights again. O lepidum caput!—so subtle is the substance of glass poetical, that in gross terrestrial fires it straight-ways evaporates, leaving nothing behind but a scroll of burnt paper. Let us enter into a treaty of commerce: you shall now and then translate a note, &c., from the Fabliaux, when by me pointed out, carefully enough to be inserted in its place in my manuscript; and I will ever and anon make the fourth side of my letter a 'Poet's corner,' as you see in the newspapers. I fear you won't come in to so bad a bargain; by way of earnest money, accept the following sonnet:—

"TO JOHN ELLIS."

"Friend of my earlier days, when nature wore
Such charms as vig'rous fancy forms for youth,
'Ere the gay mind, chastis'd by wisdom's lore,
Bows down 'with disenchanted wings to truth.'
How oft with thee beside fair Godstow's shore;
Scap'd from the crabbed schoolman's rule uncouth,
I scann'd those walls with ivy long grown o'er,
While Rosamonda's tale inspired my ruth.
Calm at our feet the gentle stream did flow,
'Twas the calm image of thy gentle will,
Thy peaceful spirit sooth'd thy partner's woe;
Thy peaceful spirit soothes thy partner still:
Such peace, such sweet benignity of mind,
In thy dear friendship may I ever find."

"You offer me Payne's answer to Burke;
Gaudeo—I don't go on with Tacitus to say, *sed nec
data imputo, nec acceptis obligor*. Did you give my
printed verses to George Ellis?"

"I have abridged, I think, half of the preface to the Fabliaux ; I have a specimen of your chere Nicolette ready for you ; but I have done hardly any thing of this sort since the very fine weather came in. Let me hear what books you buy, what books you read. Have you read the estimate of the religion of the fashionable world ? Can you tell me who is the author of Dinarbas, the sequel of Rasse-las ? what do you think of it ? Ask George Ellis whether Pinkerton still holds his scheme of publishing a volume of our ancient English metrical Romances. Remember, I write at the end of three weeks. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

"Mrs. G. W. joins me in every good wish to you and yours,



"G. L. WAY."

“TO JOHN ELLIS, ESQ.”

“*Spencer Farm, 22nd July, 1794.*”

“Dear Ellis,

“I received yours of the 17th instant, and am glad you have ordered ‘Paley’s Christianity’ for your attentive perusal. The importance of that great Christian Doctrine—a future life of happiness or misery, as the consequence of good or evil conduct, (the certainty of which seems by christianity alone to be morally demonstrated,) is in my opinion ineffable, considered merely as a support in temptation, or a comfort in guiltless distress. Contemplated in its full scope and magnitude, it reduces the size of all other objects to “the dust of the balance.”

“Thinking thus, I am anxious to invigorate your attention, and to promote your research, which I would fain render less languid on the subject of christianity : I hope your chances for temporal and

eternal peace of mind will keep pace with your faith, and your faith be commensurate to your enquiries. Your easy, benign, indolent, disposition is perhaps an obstacle in your way. But to me it appears the duty of a man of large fortune and good understanding, who has no professional avocations, to consider christianity as more especially his profession ; and to apply to the study of its evidences, its doctrines and precepts, with a diligence in some sort resembling that which is necessary in physick or law. Christianity is not intuitive—the practical part indeed in some degree adheres to us from our intercourse with a Christian Society—but the evidence does not ; nor indeed the practice in extraordinary circumstances.—To enable a man to die rather than renounce Christ, (which appears to me the duty of every one whose heart could not honestly concur with his lips in the denial of his divine mission) demands either strong bigotry, or firm rational conviction. It demands certainly that com-

parative indifference to the things of this world, which christianity uniformly inculcates, but which is not perhaps the quality most congenial to "a young man who has large possessions."

"The christian conduct of men placed in a situation so favorable to knowledge as you and I are, should be bottomed upon principle, not sentiment, though this latter is most valuable oil to prevent the friction of the machine.

"With respect to 'Paley's Evidences,' I think it gives a masterly miniature of the whole subject. The conclusion he draws from contrasting modern christian missions with those of the Apostles, is, if not absolutely new to me, at least more clearly and strongly impressive than I had ever felt it before—(see vol. 3, p. 45 to 62.) Pray read attentively even those parts of his work which you may be ready and willing to concede to him—for instance

the evidence of the existence of Christ and his followers ; and for the New Testament having been really written in the first century. I mention this, because I think the subject gains by a minute scrutiny, whereas to a superficial observer it seems that the whole might very possibly be vitally tainted with artifice and forgery.

“Before I break my inquisitor’s staff, I shall enjoin you, *pro salute animæ*, to purchase without delay ‘Campbell’s Version of the four Gospels,’ (2 vols. quarto), on pain of reading two equally ample volumes of polemical divinity.

“Let me hear from you as soon as you have bought Campbell, and tell me whether I have expressed myself clearly and consistently on the present subject.

“Your expectation of adding to your nursery I was before acquainted with, and I need scarce add our sincere wishes for a happy event. I congratulate you and myself on the beauty of my God-daughter. Do you conceive the capture of Port au Prince, &c., secures to us the French part of the Island ; or are there other strong holds and forts where the Anarchists may probably make head, and perhaps drive us out again ? Thank you for your congratulations on Henry Way’s safety.—We remain here till the middle of August, and then join our good friends at Leighton. My motions, like those of the crocodile, are not eminent for flexibility ; but I will deliberate upon Southwick. In return, I depend upon your using the liberty of disclaiming me, should it not perfectly suit at the time.

“I am impatient for the declaration, which I learn is to come out soon from our government, as to the plan of carrying on the war.—Is it thought

that the French armies conform to the decree of the convention, and give no quarter to the British?—
I continue to be a *staunch alarmist*.

“One or two days of steady versifying will finish Aucassin and Nicolette. I purpose that it shall be finished before I see you. Let me hear from you soon. Mrs. G. W. joins in every kind wish to you and yours.

“G. L. W.”



SONNET TO G. ELLIS.

*(Who contributed the Preface and many of the
Notes to Mr. Way's translation of the
Fabliaux.)*

THOU, gentle friend, hast spied me how I pac'd
Through strange delightful realms of Fairy-land,
And tangled arbours trimm'd with rustick hand,
And alleys green, for lack of tread grown waste :

Then be the labour thine, for thy command
Hath wray'd my homely deeds to nicer eyes,
Noting these scenes in long past ages plann'd
To teach our courtly throng their brave device.

The mickle toil be thine, and thine the price ;
So I may roam, as likes my wandering vein,
To other bowers nigh lost in time's disguise,
And muse of loyal knights' and ladies' pain ;
And, as I search each desert dark recess,
Lament such change of fortune favourless.

G. L. W.

SONNET TO THE REV. H. T. PAYNE.

*(On receiving from him some Transcripts, &c., of
Welsh Poetry, since inserted in the Notes
to the Fabliaux.)*

HENRY, by nature's hand in blood allied,
By many a link of kindred fancy join'd,
Fair fall the hour that first thy youth confin'd
To Cambrian wilds by Usk's romantick side !
There (with a pastor's duty well combin'd,
Rude flocks among, that know none other lore,)
Love for the muse of Wales impell'd thy mind,
And to thy search unvail'd her bards of yore.
Now, led by thee, my ravish'd eyes explore
Great Arthur's deeds embalm'd in Merlin's song,
Ken how his worthies strive in conflict sore,
And save their rescued fame from sceptick's wrong :
Hence ! chilling doubt !—sustained by fairy hand
Still Arthur lives, to reign in Anglia's land ! *

G. L. W.

* Alluding to the hexameter said to have been written on
Arthur's tomb—

HIC IACET ARTHVRVS REX QVONDAM REXQVE FVTVRVS.

Or, as Lydgate gives it—

*Thys Epitaphie recordeth so certeyne,
Ther lieth King Arthur yt shall reigne again.*

THE IVY.

How yonder Ivy courts the oak,
And clips it with a false embrace !
So I abide a wanton's yoke,
And yield me to a smiling face :
And both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

How fain the tree would swell its rind !
But, vainly trying, it decays,
So fares it with my shackled mind ;
So wastes the vigour of my days ;
And soon our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

A lass, forlorn for lack of grace,
My kindly pity first did move ;
And, in a little moment's space,
This pity did engender love :
And now my death must prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

For now she rules me with her look,
And round me winds her harlot chain ;
Whilst, by a strange enchantment struck,
My nobler will recoils in vain.
And soon my death will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

But, had the oak denied its shade,
The weed had trail'd in dust below ;
And she, had I her suit gainsaid,
Might still have pined in want and woe ;
Now, both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.





CHLOE'S LOOKING GLASS.

SUGGESTED BY A SENTIMENT OF MRS. PIOZZI.

“The heart when it is broken, is broken like a looking Glass;
every fragment reflects the image of grief.”

WITH listless eye, and aching head,
At noon my Chloë left her bed,
And at her toilet sat her down :
Her mirrour told its wonted tale,
And shew'd a cheek with riot pale,
A brow disfigur'd by a frown.

"I'll bear no more," the wanton cries,
"This monitor of spite and lies ;
 "This moody toy no more I'll bear ;
"Damon and you are false alike,
"Ye two alone conspire to strike
 "A gloom where all is bright and fair."

She spoke, and volatile as thought,
And with a freak of folly caught,
 She dash'd the bauble to the ground.
The bauble still in fragments told,
And multiplied an hundred-fold,
 The dismal tale, that Chloe frown'd.

Ah ! witless girl ! 'tis thus you'll fail,
Whene'er with me you would prevail,
 Too well I love your tender youth !
Your Damon's heart is pure and plain,
And should you break it with disdain,
 Would but the more reflect the truth.





SOUTH VIEW OF GREAT YELDHAM CHURCH, ESSEX.

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3. 1000
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From the peaceful and classic retirement of Spencer Farm, Mr. Way diffused, among his immediate neighbours of all ranks, the cheerful influence of kindly intercourse and example. He married in the year 1779, a lady whose memory is preserved in the following effusion of filial duty and affection :

TO

A N N F R A N C E S

Widow of Gregory Lewis Way, Esq.

This Tablet is consecrated by her children,
in affectionate remembrance ;

and with deep feelings of love and gratitude,
for the anxious maternal care, with which they were
“brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

Born 26th June, 1760.

Died 9th Oct., 1833.

Mr. Way, in concert with his wife, established at Great Yeldham, in 1789, one of the first of those daily reading and working schools, which have since become so general, having built a cottage for the mistress with a school-room attached to it.

The summary of his character is briefly delineated on another mural tablet, in the Chancel of Great Yeldham Church :

To the Memory of
GREGORY LEWIS WAY, ESQ.,
of Spencer Farm,
who married 9th December, 1779, Ann Frances,
Daughter of the
Rev. Wm. Paxton, Rector of Taplow, Bucks,
and died 26th April, 1799, Æt. 43.

His natural disposition and early habits having led him to seek the pleasures of retirement, he found in the discharge of his religious and social duties, in the affection of his family, and in literary amusements, a greater share of happiness than usually falls to the lot of man on earth ; whilst under the sure promises of the Gospel he cherished a lively hope of eternal happiness hereafter.



LINES TO THE MEMORY OF G. L. WAY,

*(To be inscribed and placed with an Urn in the
grounds of Spencer Farm.*

Ye Groves, in sacred guardianship, receive
This tribute to His memory, who lured
The muses to frequent your shady paths,
While he rehearsed, in many a pleasant tale,
High feats, the pride of ancient chivalry.
Ye cedars tall, and oaks, growth of his care,
May your rich foliage long protect this urn !
Nor need we grieve when Time your verdure blights,
And lays your beauty level with the ground,
If, on the spot, where once ye reared your heads,
This votive stone should crumble into dust ;
Eternity, when Time's last hour is run,
Will give to him, of whom this record speaks,
A life unceasing as its endless self.



Shortly after the death of Mr. Way, Spencer Farm was let to Captain Brackenbury for seven years ; and Mrs. Way went with her children to reside with her late husband's mother, and his aunt, the Countess Dowager of Northampton, at the old Court House,* Richmond, Surry.—On the decease of the survivor of these ladies in 1801, Mrs. Way removed, for the remainder of the lease of Spencer Farm, to Ealing, in order to be near her sons, then

* Now called Palace Yard.

educating under the care of the Rev. Wm. Good-enough at that place, previous to their going to Eton. In the year 1806, Mrs. Way returned to Spencer Farm, and resided there till 1823, when, fulfilling a long cherished wish, she gave up the place to her eldest son, the Rev. Lewis Way.

The early life of Mr. L. Way had been watched over by the tender care of his judicious and excellent mother ; it was strongly characterized by deep regret for the loss of his father, (which occurred when he was about eleven years of age,) and by the kind affection with which he exercised a gently controlling influence over his younger brothers. Under his widowed parent's healthful training, the promise given by the gentleness and diffidence of his first years ripened, in due time, into the fulness and beauty of a christian character, in which humility was the predominating grace.—After having been three years in the upper school at Eton, under Dr. Goodall, he went to

Trinity College, Cambridge, took his Bachelor of Arts' Degree in 1811 ; and in 1814 proceeded to that of M. A. He was admitted to the Holy Order of Deacon in 1811 ; and to the Priesthood in the succeeding year. On the 27th May, 1811, he married Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter of John Leech, Esq., of New Bridge Street, London.—The village of Ugley in Essex, was Mr. L. Way's first pastoral charge.—He left it for Toppesfield in the same county, in 1812, of which parish he held the Curacy till 1823. When having removed to Spencer Farm, Great Yeldham, he undertook the spiritual charge of the adjoining parish of Ridgewell, of which he continued Curate to the period of his death.—The position of a country gentleman, and the office of a parochial clergyman, were united in him with a harmony and grace, by no means common.

Ridgewell is a Vicarage in the patronage of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. The Vicarage House, at that time, was a mere cottage, fit only for the occupation of a labourer ; and for upwards of half a century there had been no resident clergyman. The Curacy had been held by the officiating minister of some neighbouring parish, and consequently Divine Service had been performed only once on a Sunday. The effect of this state of things in a place without resident gentry, and containing a population of from 600 to 700, was but too apparent. Mr. L. Way lost no time in setting on foot a Sunday School, which soon contained nearly a hundred scholars ; and in 1824, he gave efficiency to the provisions of our national Church by the addition of a second service.

From what has been already said of Mr. L. Way's character, the unsparing earnestness with which he applied himself to the interests, both spiritual and tem-

poral, of a parish hitherto so unfavorably circumstanced, will be readily imagined ; and any attempt to detail particulars would be superfluous ; there is, however, one event connected with Ridgewell, which not being within the customary range of clerical avocations, it may not be amiss to notice.— Toward the end of the year 1830, when the agents of mischief had widely disseminated a spirit of discontent and insubordination ; and risings were taking place in many parts of the country ; these disorders extended to the rural population of Ridgewell—the labourers struck for wages, and on the 4th December, (the farmers being assembled in the Vestry,) a numerous body of them appeared in the Chancel of the Church, refusing to return to work till their demands should be satisfied, and putting the farmers, who were unable to make their escape, in much alarm. This state of things having been reported to Mr. L. Way, he immediately repaired to the spot ; and resolutely, though quietly, making his

way through the midst of the rioters, entered the Vestry, to the surprise and no small relief of the imprisoned farmers. His firmness and influence with both parties, soon brought back the men to a sense of duty ; and effected a satisfactory arrangement between them and their employers.

The evil was thus for the present checked, but it was clearly of great importance to provide, if possible, against its recurrence ; and here a question of much difficulty presented itself.—The numbers requiring employment were greater than the demand for labour ; and judging from the rapid increase of the people, as shewn in the returns to government, it might reasonably be expected that the supply would continue to move forward in an augmenting ratio ; and that idleness and pauperism must be the parents of further discontent, unless a wider field were opened to the industrious peasantry than the restricted boundaries of their native parish. The

state of Ridgewell and the adjacent parishes combined therefore, with the circumstances of the times, to lead Mr. L. Way's thoughts to Emigration as the natural remedy marked out by Providence for a redundant population. He consequently became anxious to promote it in what appeared to be its best and legitimate form, and took much pains in seeking information on the subject from every source within his reach.

The result was that several men and families became voluntary emigrants ; and by means of subscriptions and parochial contributions, were fitted out for their voyage and destination.—Mr. L. Way made full arrangements with the Emigration Agents for their passage and supply of stores, and paid them a farewell visit on board the vessel, in which they were embarked for Upper Canada.—As a faithful shepherd, feeling earnestly solicitous that these late members of his flock should still be enabled to

“go in and out, and find pasture,” he wrote in their behalf to the Rev. A. N. Bethune, of Cobourg, Upper Canada ; and had the satisfaction afterwards of receiving, from some of them, letters, strongly expressive of their thanks to himself, and gratefully acknowledging the kind attention of Mr. Bethune, especially during a period of sickness. And here it is gratifying to mention that subsequent written accounts, as well as the personal obversation of a friend of some of the settlers, who has recently returned from the Colony, fully justify this measure of emigration.

It is singular to observe how the hand of Providence often draws aside individuals from their accustomed pursuits and habits, to make them instruments of usefulness by means most foreign from their own personal dispositions, and by exertions for which they seem, at first, to be altogether disqualified. The labours, which men, in such cases, are enabled

to go through, and the success that commonly attends them, will very often occasion surprise even to those who know and value them the most ; but the secret, which lies deep at the root of the whole matter is, that a strong sense of religious duty, not only inspires the heart with confidence, but seems to fill the mind with vigour ; nay, it animates even a feeble frame with an unwonted, though in some instances, it is to be feared, a self-consuming energy. That there is much in these remarks applicable to Mr. L. Way may be, in some degree, collected from the following passage in a letter, written by him in the summer of 1826, to an early and intimate friend then in India ; which shews also the knowledge that he had acquired of himself, the Christian conflict carrying on within him, and the high motives which called him into action.—“Be assured that my silence must not be ascribed to forgetfulness, it proceeds from a sluggishness in my nature, and its consequent evil habit of procrastination, which is with me, I fear, a besetting

sin ; and not only makes me a very bad correspondent, but causes me to let slip many opportunities of improving myself, and doing good to others :—and altho', I trust, I do not altogether bury the talent committed to me by my Great Master, I am sensible that I am, alas ! far from employing it to the best advantage. When some powerful motive, or pressing occasion, overcomes this '*vis inertiae*,' if I may so call it, I can be up and doing ; but at other times am too apt to suffer myself to glide down with the stream. I pray God by his all-powerful grace to enable me to overcome this failing ; that as the time approaches, when I must render my account of my stewardship, I may labour with more zeal and diligence in the work assigned me."

With attachments centering in his parish and his home, Mr. L. Way found in them abundant room for the exercise of his best gifts and tenderest sympathies. When wearied with parochial and other

labours, he gladly returned to the bosom of his family for the reward of parental care and affection, and that calm repose and refreshment, which he was eminently able to appreciate and enjoy :—the precious gifts of Him who “blesseth the habitation of the just.” It is, therefore, beyond all question, that his humble and retiring disposition, and love of peace, would have restrained him effectually from taking any active part in the politics of the day, had he not been urged on by an overpowering sense of duty ; and a conviction of the deep importance of moral rectitude in public men. Impelled by considerations to him of sacred character and force, Mr. L. Way embarked in a career of usefulness to his country of a less tranquil kind, than that for which his habits and disposition would seem to have fitted him. Yet it may be said that these, if they did not altogether create, gave much weight to his influence, because it was manifest that he was making a great private sacrifice for the public good.

A notion has been, and perhaps always will be, more or less prevalent, that the Clergy should abstain from an active interference in politics ; and in ordinary times, when no questions are agitated that bear materially upon Religion, such may, indeed, be their wisest and safest course ; but that the Clergy are to raise no voice, and make no effort, when legislation affects, as it has of late years, the interests of Religion and the safety of our Established Church, is a position, to which no churchman can reasonably be expected to subscribe. Surely in such a crisis it will be found to be not merely allowable, but a matter of religious duty, for a Clergyman to take an active part, if his position and influence enable him so to do.

In 1832, amidst the general agitation, connected with the political condition arising out of the partial repeal of the Test Act*, the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Act,† and the Reform Act,‡ with the

* 9 Geo. 4, cap. 17. † 10 Geo. 4, cap. 7. ‡ 2 Wm. 4, cap. 45.

unpretending but earnest patriotism, that formed a part of his character, Mr. L. Way could not be an indifferent spectator. Acting under no unbecoming consciousness of the esteem, in which he was held by his neighbours ; and strongly impressed with a sense of the duty of using the talent in his hands for what appeared to him the vital good of his country, and the interests of religion and virtue ; he became successful, by the effective influence of his benign disposition and known integrity of purpose, in the course to which he thus felt himself impelled ; for in the year 1833, in the election of the members to sit in Parliament for the county of Essex, in which he resided, he is believed to have had no imperceptible influence in securing the return of Sir John T. Tyrell, Bart., and the Right Hon. Alexander Baring, an event in which public principles of high importance were involved.



Another work of usefulness in which he was concerned, and which, from its commencement to the present hour, has been productive of many social advantages, was the establishment, in 1833, of the Agricultural and Conservative Club for the Hundred of Hinckford. He was a leading member of a committee, which met at Castle Hedingham on the 15th February of that year, when the resolutions given in the Appendix (Appendix B.) were agreed to : resolutions which fully shew the importance and beneficial nature of this Association ; and the sense in which the term “Conservative” was held by those

who thus early adopted it. Regarding this Association as the means of binding together many momentous social relations by kind and useful ties, Mr. L. Way gave to it much thoughtful consideration and active attention. His views on the subject are embodied in the following letter, addressed at the time to the Editor of the Essex Standard.—

“Spencer Farm, Great Yeldham,

Feb. 25, 1833.

“SIR,

“My reason for troubling you is, that in your report of the Conservative dinner at Castle Hedingham on the 15th instant, you mentioned my having proposed a Conservative Club, instead of a Conservative and *Agricultural*, which might lead to the supposition that it was merely for political purposes. As the chief object of the few observations with which I introduced the proposal was to show that such was not the case; and you mention your intention of inserting the Resolutions in your next

number ; I take the liberty of sending you the substance of those observations, which you may, if you please, insert, or merely mention the object of them.

“ After expressing my deep sense of the honour conferred upon me by the manner in which my name had been received, I stated that I was a warm friend to the Conservative cause, because I believed it to be one, in which are involved all the best interests of the country—the stability of the throne—the security of the Protestant Church—the rights of property—the prosperity of agriculture and trade—together with the comforts, welfare, and independence of the labouring classes. Yet, if I thought the Conservative cause was to be entered into for mere political purposes, and had mere party objects in view, I would have had nothing to do with it ; but I was convinced that this was not the case, and I was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of Sir R. Peel’s speech upon the Address to the King ; and by an observa-

tion of one of our own members, with whom I had the honour of an interview a few days previous ; who assured me that he “never saw any men more free from party spirit, and more firmly determined to discharge their duties to their country and their constituents, honestly and impartially, than the Conservative members in the present parliament.” On this ground, therefore, I could feel no objection to declare myself a Conservative ; but still, before I would consent to take an active part in the cause, I asked myself two questions—What are the objects it has in view, and what are the means to be employed ? Are the objects such as a christian and a clergyman can conscientiously promote, and the means such as he can lawfully employ ?

“First—In regard to the objects, I found them to spring from the two great duties of fearing God and honouring the King, which I am bound not only to observe myself, but to teach to others. The

chief objects I conceived to be the following :—

1st. To support the ruling power and maintain the authority of the law, in order to prevent anarchy and confusion and every evil work. 2nd. To uphold the Protestant Reformed Religion, established in this kingdom. 3d. To protect the rights and interests of all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest. 4th. To oppose rash innovations and dangerous experiments, but to reform abuses and remedy defects. In short, to endeavour to preserve inviolate the best parts of those venerable institutions in church and state, under which we and our forefathers had enjoyed more individual happiness, and more national liberty, than had fallen to the lot of any other nation in the world.

“Secondly—In regard to the means to be employed to promote the cause, I found them to be *truth and reason*, the very weapons of our spiritual warfare ; and I trust a real Conservative would

never condescend to use any other ; with these we had triumphed, and with these we might triumph still. Such being the objects in view and the means to be employed, I could have no hesitation in taking a warm interest in the cause.

“It was the opinion of many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that in order to promote these objects, and employ these means effectually, it would be desirable to establish a Conservative and Agricultural Club. I regretted that the task of proposing it had not fallen into hands able to do justice to the cause ; but having, however reluctantly, undertaken it, I begged leave to read some suggestions which I had set down as the ground upon which rules might be formed. The suggestions were agreed to, and a Committee of five gentlemen appointed to draw up the Rules of the Club.

“As I before observed, if you publish the Resolutions, (of which I presume you have a correct copy,) you can make what use you like of my observations ; my object in sending them is, that I might not be supposed to be taking an active part in anything that was confined to mere politics and party. I can assure you one of the first objects of the club will be to substitute Conservative newspapers for those of an opposite character.

“I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

“LEWIS WAY.”



The first Meeting of the Hinckford Agricultural and Conservative Association, for the distribution of Prizes to skilful and deserving labourers, was held in July, 1833.

It may not be deemed irrelevant to add, that in another and important part of the kingdom—the Midland County of Leicester—Mr. L. Way's valuable hints, and his sound and temperate advice, were the first moving cause of the formation of a like Society. That of Ashby de la Zouch is here alluded to, of which the first characteristic resolution was drawn up by his pen ; and this happy commencement was followed by a series of similar Institutions in Leicestershire, now presided over by the highest authority in that county.

Enough has been already said, to claim for Mr. L. Way the character of a christian patriot and philanthropist ; and to shew that whatever had for its

object the glory of God, or the welfare of his fellow-creatures, was sure to meet with his sympathy ; and as far as practicable, his ardent co-operation. Still, however, neither the prominent part which he took in the establishment, in 1830, of that beneficial Institution, "The Friendly Society for the Hundred of Hinckford," nor the faithful zeal, with which, during eight years, he conducted the business of the Castle Hedingham District Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, ought to be forgotten—to the latter, a document given in the Appendix (Appendix C.) bears an affecting testimony.





“With a physical frame, by no means equal to the labours he had undertaken, there is much reason for believing that they had a serious effect on his constitution. Yet, even when his bodily powers were impaired by sickness, true to that law of love, which was with him a governing and abiding principle, his thoughts were given to schemes of benevolence and usefulness.—The plan of a cheap Almanack for the labouring classes, containing the kind of intelligence most beneficial to the poor, and conducive to

their moral and spiritual interests, occurred to him during his last illness ; and a letter was written at his dictation, in November 1834, to the Secretary of the Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, containing suggestions on the subject. The answer to this communication is given in the Appendix (Appendix D.) ; and his letter, with some from other quarters, had weight in putting forward a work which has since had a very wide circulation—"The Churchman's Almanack."—How highly Bishop Hall would have appreciated this compendious and instructive vehicle of information, may be inferred from the opening passage of his Sermon, on 1st John, c. I, v. 5—"God is light."*

* If ye mark it, your very calendar, so as the wisdom of the Church hath contrived it, is a notable Catechism. And surely if the plain man would but ply his Almanack well, that alone would teach him Gospel enough to show him the history of his Saviour. If one day teach another, all days would teach him. There should he see his Blessed Saviour's conception annunciated by the angel, March 25. Forty weeks after that, he should see him born of the Virgin accordingly, at the Feast of the Nativity ; eight days after that, circumcised,

The death of Mr. L. Way took place on the 25th of March 1835 at Hastings, whither he had gone on account of his health. His remains were removed to the family vault at Great Yeldham.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Hinckford Agricultural and Conservative Association, held in the Autumn of 1835, Mr. Fulcher, of Sadbury, who had many opportunities of intercourse with Mr. L. Way, thus feelingly alluded to the loss they had sustained :—

on New Year's Day: then, visited and adored by the Sages, in the Epiphany: then, presented into the Temple, on the day of Purification: then, tempted and fasting forty days, in Lent. He should see him ushered in by his fore-runner, the Holy Baptist, six month's before his Nativity. Attended by his twelve Apostles, in their several ranks; and Thomas the last, for his unbelief. And at last, after infinite and beneficial miracles, he should see him making his Maunday with his Disciples, on the Thursday; and crucified, on Good Friday: he should see, that, on Easter morning, God the Father raised up His Son Jesus from the dead; Acts v, 30: on Ascension Day, God the Son mounts up to Heaven in glory, Acts i, 9: on Whitsunday, God the Holy Ghost descends upon the Apostles; Acts ii, 3, 4, 5; and his belief in all these, summed up in the celebration of the Blessed Trinity, the Sunday following.—BISHOP HALL'S WORKS, Pratt's Edition, Vol. 5, P. 442.

“And here, Gentlemen, permit me to pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of one of the departed members of this association—a tribute, which however humble, comes warm from a heart that has felt and appreciated his kindness—a tribute, which all who hear me will allow to be deeply merited. I need scarcely add, that I allude to the late Rev. Lewis Way, who took a warm interest in the success of this institution, as indeed he did in that of every other ‘good word and work.’ It has been truly said—

“There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave.”

But our lamented friend was followed to his long home, by the tears and regrets of the whole county; and I may confidently say of him, in the expressive words of that sacred volume, the doctrines of which were so beautifully exemplified by his blameless life; “When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him,

because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him : and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

It will not, it is believed, be an uninteresting sequel to the preceding, if an extract be added descriptive of Mr. L. Way, from the pen of one whose difference in political opinions did not interrupt the intimacies of long friendship.—

"His modest and unpretending worth—his gentleness and benevolence—his simple piety and zealous discharge of whatever he considered a duty—were the leading features of his beautiful character : and I am certainly apprehensive that the enlarged sphere of action, to which he conscientiously believed those duties should extend in the times in which he lived, occasioned an excitement and exertion beyond his bodily strength, which tended to accelerate his death."

The author of these remarks, in the letter which permits their insertion, thus refers to a touching incident that occurred at the funeral of his lamented friend.—“Just at the close of the impressive service when there was a deep silence, a Robin-redbreast descended from the group of lime trees which overhang the ground, and perching on the up-turned earth at the mouth of the vault, poured forth, in the midst of the congregated mourners, a song so full and rich and clear, that it was at first startling ; but the hearts of the hearers soon acknowledged both its thrilling and its soothing power. As we returned, on comparing notes with those who accompanied me, I found that we had all been similarly affected. The circumstance made a strong impression at the time, and harmonizing with the spirit and feeling of your narrative, you may like the record. I preserved a remembrance of it in the subjoined lines :—

"THE REQUIEM."

"There was a pause !—the last sad words were said
Of "earth to earth"—that earth from whence had fled
The gentle spirit of our Friend !—around,
A thousand heads were bowed toward the ground,
As the heart commun'd with itself—and there
The inward spirit's deep and silent prayer
Diffused a calm—the throb of grief was hush'd,
When from a Robin's throat spontaneous gush'd
A flood of melody, so rich, so clear,
So full of sweetness, the enraptured ear
Was captive to the sound !—the heart was cheer'd,
And felt more light—the humid eye was clear'd—
Responsive feeling bade our sorrow cease,
As if an Angel's voice had whisper'd 'peace' !
The Warbler perch'd so near, that we could note
The softest sound that trembled from his throat ;
Fearless he sat amid the list'ning throng,
Who own'd its power, and marvell'd at the song !"

4th April, 1835.

In the Chancel of Great Yeldham Church is the following monumental inscription :—

SACRED

To the Memory of
LEWIS WAY, M. A., CLERK,
of Spencer Farm, in this Parish.
He was born the 15th of January, 1788, and died
on the 25th of March, 1835.
Eminently endowed for the discharge of the pastoral
office, and distinguished by every quality that
gladdens and adorns domestic life,
He successfully directed the extensive moral influence
of a character so elevated and endearing,
to promote the highest interests of his country.
And, although the treasure of his ministry
was but too literally consigned to an earthen vessel,
which perished prematurely ;
yet to all who knew him, there remains the
consolatory assurance, that his
exertions in the cause of virtue and religion will
through the merits of his Saviour,
be “ recompensed at the resurrection of the just.”

The following lines written in the year 1840, in affectionate remembrance of Mr. L. Way, are added to this Memoir by one, who will ever venerate his memory, and visit his grave with reverence :—

Pastor and Landlord ! who with holy ties
That knit together Britain's weal and strength
In unity and peace, by duteous zeal
Dids't in thyself two social functions blend
In sweetest harmony, and make them serve
To man's behoof, and thy Creator's praise !
Should thy blest spirit hover o'er this earth,
Once cheered and profited by gentle light
Beaming from rays of meek beneficence,
Through thy benign example ;—"even like
The precious ointment that from Aaron's beard
Fell down upon his clothing ;"—Thou, perchance,
Canst say, if England's Faith—if England's weal
Shall rise emancipate from faction's thrall,
And private interests to public yield ;
Shall peace prevail—dissensions cease—or shall

The demon of fell discord penetrate
To the remotest limits of her sway ?

Or if, blest spirit, this to thee be now
Denied, to tell what shall henceforth befall
The land that thou hast left ! If not to thee
Be granted to abide in earnest prayer,
As thou wert wont on earth, for England's throne,
Her altars, laws, and faith !—Yet still be our's
To supplicate, (where prayer *we know*, is heard,)
The *Only* Intercessor !—Him who bled
And rose for us, that sure and genial peace
May yet fall on us—Law be revered—
Divisions healed—the Truth made manifest—
And England once again, the safe abode
Of unity, and loyal love, and Faith
To Thee, O King of Kings, and Lord of Lords !



In closing these Memoirs, not enlivened by any of those striking events, or heroic achievements, that belong to the lives of distinguished public men, and which are therefore attractive to the general reader ; it is perhaps fair to state, that a reluctance to see this little Volume in print has yielded to a strongly expressed opinion, that it would interest many of the connexions and friends of those to whom it relates ; and that others, into whose hands it may chance to fall, might be benefited by reading the biographical sketches of two individuals, a Layman and a Clergyman, who, in the retired walks of a country gentleman's life, both made duty their governing principle ; and in singleness of heart 'pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'—
"A life of reason, religion, and virtue (says Dean Sherlock) is properly the life of a man ; because it is peculiar to him, and distinguishes him from all other creatures in this world : and, therefore, he

who improves his knowledge and understanding most ; who has his passions and appetites under the best government ; who does most good, and makes himself most useful in the world ; though he does not continue longer, yet lives more and longer than other men. In a word he lives most, who most adorns and perfects his own mind, brings most glory to God, and does most good to men."





A P P E N D I X .

A.—*Extract from Appendix to 2nd Volume of
Mr. Way's translation of the Fabliaux.*

“It is a trite observation, that the life of an author is seldom capable of affording much amusement to the reader ; and that of Mr. Way was particularly barren of incident : for his biographer would have little to relate, except that he was educated at Eton, from whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards to the Temple ; and that having married early in life, he retired almost immediately to a small country seat in Essex, where he died, on the 26th of April, 1799, after a very short illness, in the 43rd year of his age. Finding himself possessed of a fortune which seemed to remove the absolute necessity of addicting himself to any profession, though insufficient without strict

economy to meet the wants of a growing family, he voluntarily devoted himself to retirement, which was not much interrupted by an annual visit of a month to some near relations in the country, and by a fortnight usually allotted to an old friend in London. Under such circumstances it was scarcely possible that he should fail to contract some peculiarities ; because, being neither solicitous for wealth nor power, and having no habitual occupations or amusements which required the assistance of society, he was not likely to imitate, or even to notice the vicissitudes which fashion is daily producing in the dress, and gestures, and manners, and language, and opinions of what is called the world. He conceived that happiness is the only rational object of pursuit ; and he believed that the means of happiness are to be found in the practice of religion. The history of that religion therefore, the means by which it was established, the evidence on which it rests, the hopes it holds

out, the duties it inculcates, and the opinions of its different sectaries, became the object of his constant studies and daily meditation. His principal amusement was literature, and particularly poetry : and from this choice of occupations and amusements, a choice dictated partly by reflection, and partly, perhaps, by the effects of situation and early habit, he certainly acquired such a constant flow of cheerfulness, as a life of more activity and a greater variety of resource, often fails to produce.

“It has been remarked, that he had some peculiarities ; but they were such as it is not easy to describe, because they were not the result of eccentricity, or of any marked deviation from general habits. There was nothing in them on which ridicule could fasten. His manners were easy and unembarrassed, and his address particularly attractive, from being marked with that best sort of politeness

which is the expression of benevolence. But that perfect simplicity of demeanour which borrows nothing from imitation, has certainly a singular appearance in the eyes of those who are only conversant with artificial society : perhaps, indeed, few peculiarities are more striking than a total absence of all affectation.

“His conversation was very characteristic, and extremely amusing ; particularly on those topics which seemed most remote from his usual pursuits, and in which he was led to take an interest only by that kindness of disposition which prevented him from viewing with indifference any amusement of his friends. There are probably few subjects less propitious to the display of literary acquirements than the discussion of a fox-chace, yet I have seen him voluntarily engage even with this untoward argument : and he applied with such taste and sagacity the learning he had ac-

quired from Master Turberville and the Book of St. Albans ; his language was so picturesque ; and he drew so comical a parallel between the opinions of practitioners in the science in different ages, that the effect was scarcely less striking than if Sir Tristram, or King Arthur, had unexpectedly descended amongst a company of modern sportsmen. On all occasions the Cervantic turn of his humour was singularly heightened by his researches in antiquarian knowledge.

“It is impossible to consider such a simple and amiable character without lamenting that he neglected to become his own biographer ; because no species of writing, perhaps, is more capable of uniting amusement with utility than the genuine unvarnished picture of private life ; and certainly no species of writing is so uncommon.”

B.—Resolutions for the formation of an Agricultural and Conservative Club in the Hundred of Hinckford, read by the Rev. L. Way, and agreed to at the Conservative Meeting at Castle Hedingham, on the 15th February, 1833.

“1st.—That a Club be established to be called the Hinckford Agricultural and Conservative Club.

“2nd.—That it is highly important, at every Election of members for the Northern Division of this County, to secure the return of Candidates of sound views and firm principles, who will not be led away by popular flattery, nor yield to popular clamour ; but who, fearing God and honouring the King, will stand up in defence of law and order, the King’s throne, the Protestant Church, the security of the Empire, and the Rights, the Liberties, and true Interests of all Classes of the People.

“3rd.—That as the public press is now the most powerful means of producing good or evil, it is very desirable, exclusively to encourage the circulation of those Newspapers and publications which are conducted upon sound constitutional and Conservative principles.

“4th.—That the interests of agriculture be carefully watched and guarded.

“5th.—That every measure that is calculated to increase the comforts and respectability of the labouring classes be recommended and promoted.

“6th.—That a Committee, of five Gentlemen be appointed, who shall meet from time to time to consult upon the best means of securing the above-mentioned objects ; to draw up Rules for the formation of the Club, and to recommend the adoption of such measures as may be calculated to promote its designs.”

C.—*Document referred to at Page 137.*

“Castle Hedingham, May 25, 1833.

“At the quarterly Meeting of the District Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge held this day,

“RESOLVED,

“That this Committee cannot in justice to their own feelings adjourn, without expressing the deep and affectionate regret with which they are called to record the loss they have sustained by the lamented death of their late Secretary, the Rev. Lewis Way, M. A. ; or without a cordial and grateful acknowledgment of the valuable services which he had for the last eight years rendered to this Committee, the unremitting care with which he conducted the correspondence of the Committee, the zeal and liberality with which he furthered the enlargement of the Local Depository, the kind attention which he paid to the several Members, and the earnest benevolence with which he laboured

on all occasions to promote the interests of the Society throughout the District.

“That this Resolution be entered on the Minutes of the Committee, and a Copy of it be transmitted by the Chairman to Mrs. Lewis Way.

“Signed on behalf of the Committee,

“JONATHAN WALTON, D. D.

“CHAIRMAN.”

D.—*Letter from the Rev. Thos. B. Murray, Secretary to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to the Rev. Lewis Way.*

“445, West Strand, London, Dec. 3, 1834.

“Rev. Sir,

“I am desired by the Committee of General Literature and Education, to acknowledge with their best thanks your suggestion respecting an Almanack. It is a point of considerable interest and importance, and one which had previously occupied their attention ; and I think it very pro-

bable that what you propose may be accomplished, not for the next, for there is not time sufficient for its satisfactory completion, but for the following year.

"In the mean time your letter, which it is agreed contains some very valuable hints towards this object, will be carefully preserved, and in the event of the plan being followed up, consulted again.

"I am sorry to hear you have been suffering from illness.



"THOS. B. MURRAY,

"SECRETARY."





ERRATA.

Page	26	for	Anglecised	read	Anglicised.
..	46	..	embued	..	imbued.
..	57	..	recusant	..	recusent.
..	74	..	memenisse	..	meminisse.
..	86	..	matinæ	..	Matinæ.
..	125	..	vis inertæ	..	vis inertię.

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